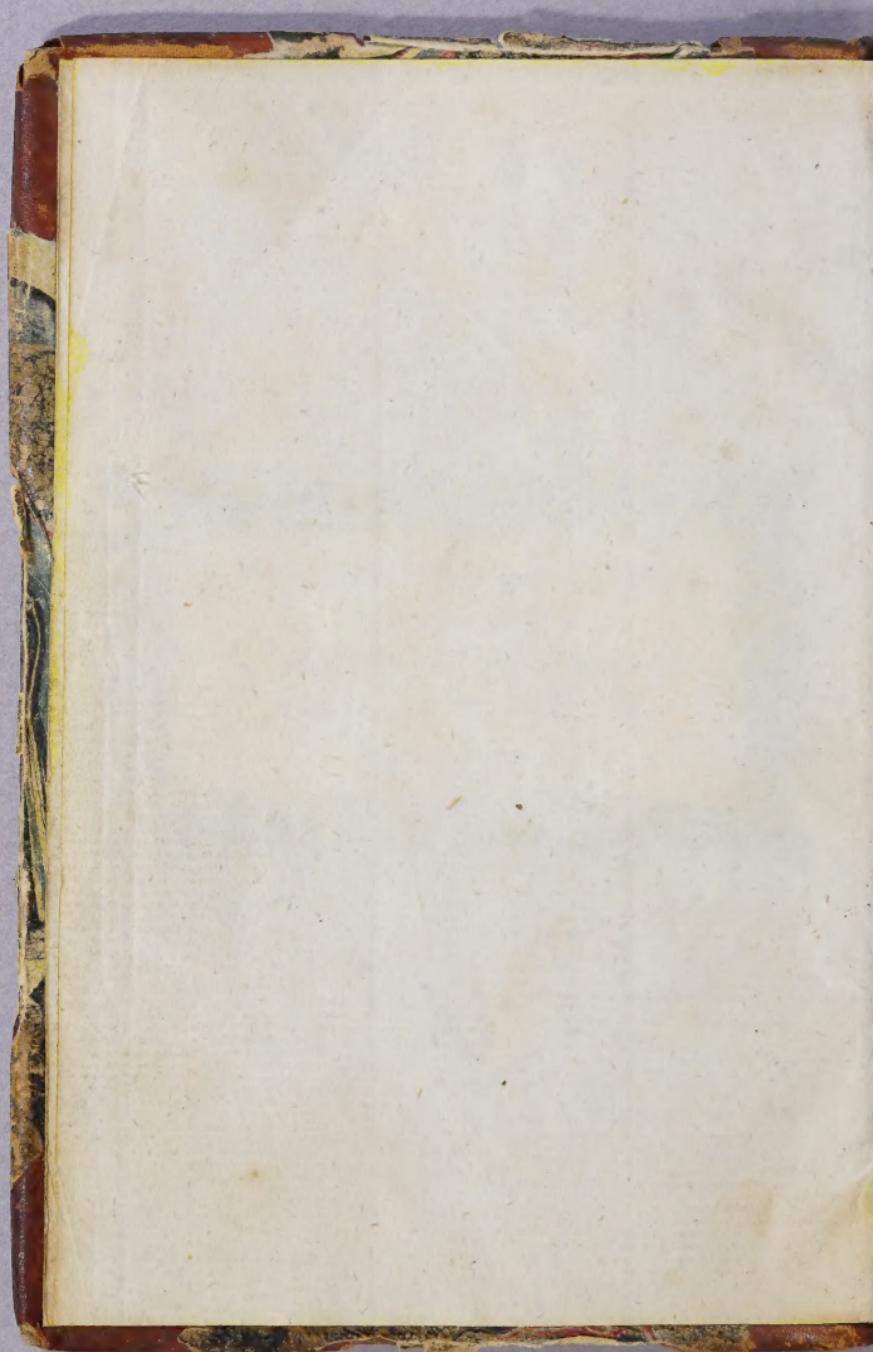


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HYMNVS TABACI;

A

POEM
In honour of
TABACO.

Heroically Composed

B Y

RAPHAEL THORIUS:

Made English by

PETER HAUSTED

M^r of Arts C A M B.

L O N D O N ,

Printed by T.N. for Humphrey Moseley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes*
Arms in St Pauls Churchyard, 1651.

THE HISTORY
OF
METHODISM

BY
JOHN WESLEY

WITH A HISTORY OF
METHODISM

BY
JOHN WESLEY

WITH A HISTORY OF
METHODISM

RPJCB



LUDOWIC à KINSCHOT,
To the READER.

IT is almost two yeers, (Curteous Reader) since this Elegant Poem of Tabaco, by some notwithstanding either through negligence or ignorance main'd and mangled, came to our hands. Which being approv'd by men of most learned judgments, I thought it was in no wise longer by me to be suppress'd. But a perfect copy being hitherto wanting, I blush'd not to require it of the Author; although at that time I was altogether unacquainted with him. Who, as he is most loving and Curte-

To the READER.

ous, soon subscrib'd to our petition. He therfore sent me a copy, partly more adorn'd, and partly more augmented: With which he also sent other companions full of wit and pleasantness. These were certain letters, which to set in place of a preface, will be neither strange from the argument of the book or our intention. For it is far from me to arrogate to my self the labours of another man. The Author therefore of this work is Raphael Thorius, who as he is a Physitian famous, if any at this day, so is he also no vulgar Poet. The Argument indeed seems light, but what is handled by such a Physitian, doth not onely delight, but teach; unless any man will object against the Siphylide of Fracastorius, who by

an

To the READER.

an argument almost infamous got to himself so great a name. Thou shalt here see the invention of Tabaco ascrib'd to Bacchus; how fitly, they cannot be ignorant, who as the Poet saith,

Plerunque alternis admiscent pocula sumis.

Be favourable therefore Curteous Reader, to this work, and enjoy it, and when thou dost recreate thy minde with reading it, remember the common Verse,

Usus habet laudem, crimen abusus habet.

LUD. à KINSCHOT.



RAPHAEL THORIUS
To
LUDOWICÀ KINSCHOT.

For so great a benefit I give my utmost
Thanks most renowned Sir, not to you a-
lone but to those great men also, Rutger-
sius, and Heinsius, by whose liberality
and your own I have been so spendidly en-
tertain'd: not as a stranger, but as the fa-
miliar Parish Priest, intending perhaps
with my conceits to add unto your merriment.
I never thought Apollo had bequeath'd so
good an omen to this little Poem, as to
make it acceptable to such palats, or that
indeed it would have become the age of six-
teen yeers being rashly put forth, unwarily
under-

The EPISTLE.

undertak'n, and without care composed. Notwithstanding since by its own good fate, it hath found such courteous entertainment; I will neither take from it the benefit of its own happy genius, nor deceive your expectation. But shall be rather liberal to those who are liberal, joyning a younger brother to it, something better habited: Both I freely offer to the judgements both of your self, and those before mentioned. Send it to the Press when you think best convenient: but being abroad, cherish it; be favourable also to the father, and defend against the censure of severe Cato's, an old man playing among children. But that I have given to you what to other friends hath been denied, the place and persons are sufficient reasons: for here it is a crime to be a Poet, neither is he accounted wise that after the

The E P I S T L E.

first appearance of his beard, sleepes in Per-
nassus: Otherwise is your opinion, to whom
the Muses in gray haires are acceptable, and
who easily acquit Sophocles, his Tragedy
being read, from the accusation of madness;
Moreover, being in this kind of learning e-
steem'd Princes, not undeservedly ye sustain
the part of Judges, no man daring to contra-
dict your sentence. And this doth also com-
fort me in throwing so hazardous a die,
that what you have once approved, no man
will venture to disprove. But to you, the
best of men, I give many and particular
thanks, that being in face unknown, you
abounded in so much friendship toward me,
that you thought me worthy of your love,
and lastly have undertaken the care of this
infant and helpless Poem: Which to requite,
I can onely subscribe to your requests and

remain

The EPISTLE.

remain a willing observer of your commands. send you therefore the first hymn correct-
d, to which, more furniture being added,
have joyn'd the second. Although I had
rather intitle them a book then a hymn : I
should more carefully excuse the lightness of
the subject, were not the argument suitable to
my art : However it be, I never shall repent
to appear upon the scene with such autho-
rities. Your elegant Epigram I shall be glad to
see in the front, to the ornament both of the
Work and of the Work-man ; who, in the
threshold of our friendship, gives you his hand
as the pledge of his eternal fidelity. Farewel.

London, Febr. 18.

1625.

Omnibus



Omnibus Pæti-Sugis.

MOrbifuge vires plantæ, miracula stirpis
Cælitus ostensæ, partes diducit in omnes
Thorius, & primo fumos eruditur ab ovo.
Vos quibus ad Patum vigilanti stertere naso,
Fumigerisque placet replere vaporibus auras,
Ore favete omnes. Cœlo delabitur alto
Planta beata, udo non aspernanda cerebro;
Scilicet in medijs habitat vis entheafumis,
Et parvo ingentes clauduntur cortice vires.
Ludicra narrantur; sed & hæc quoque seria ducunt,
Veraque sub ficto latitat sapientia Pæto.

LUD. à KINSCHOT.

In

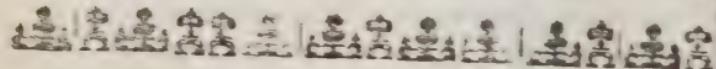
In Pætologiam
Doctissimi Raph. Thorij
D. M.

Amici intimi.

Quod jam summa procul villarum culmina fu-
mant,
Quod fumos bibit omnis ager, bibit omnis ab Aula
Id caulam fumosa domus, quod pascere fumos
Fumosos equitum cum Dictatore magistros,
Quod pueros fumare juvat, fumare puellas,
Mollius indignor : quin tecum ignosco puellis
Et pueris, aulis, caulis, equitumque Magistris.
Prime pater Pæti, fumatum gloria, THORI,
Non fumum ex fuligore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Sedule ; Te pretore magis lippire decenter
Quam lachrymâ ridente putant ; jucunda cuique
Te Medico tussis cui nec pituita molesta est,
Creditur instantes membris emungere morbos.
At mihi quod sacra latet in vertigine multo
Præcipuum est ; Hos te calices fecisse disertum :

Hac

Hec aliquid certe famo facundia debet.
Facundi calices, felix vertigo, saliva
Nobilis, in signes lachryma, gratissima tussis.
Me quoque si parce videor laudare merentes
In solitas calicumque super praeconia laudes,
Me quoque vicinis afflatum creasce juvis,
Et siccō titubare mero; brevis iste furvus
Est furor: exierit sensim vesania primi
Turbinis, aggrediar stabilis ae nare repenti
Fundere cum fumis qua eos per sacula vident
Terba videntque mori, nolint focus ira vel signes.
Profumi! sed & hic furor est; ignosci e vobis,
Fumo quoque mihi: cessem fumare, tacebo
Sobrius, & sapiam, labris encemia, lingua,
Dentibus occludam: quid enim, à THORIUS unum
Arguit ipse sui reliquum fecisse stuporem?



IN E AND E M.

CArmina spumantur fumi poteribus, anci
Massilia si quem fumea vina juvant,
THORIUS exemplo docuit spumantia multum
Pocula, fumantes omnia posse tubos.

CON STAN TER.

T A B A C O.



T A B A C O.

BOOK I.

Of harmlesse Bowles I mean to sing the praise,
And th'Herb which doth the Poets fancy raise;
Aid me, O^a *Phœbus*; Thee I do invoke.
Fill me a Pipe (boy) of that lusty smoke,
That I may drink the *God* into my brain,
And so inabled, write a buskin'd strain;
For nothing great or high can come from thence,
Where that *blest Plant* denies his influence.

No Mortal had the honour to descry
This noble Herb first, but a *Deity*;
Twas found by *Bacchus*, when the *God* wound up
To his true height, by his *own charming Cup*,

^a I make bold to change the Poets Patron, & instead of Sir *W.*
Paadie, to intitle *Phœbus* to it:

Led th' *Indians* forth under the warlike ^b *Spear*,
 Whose glittering head an *Ivy Twine* did wear;
 And the all-Soveraign Weed being found out thus,
 Too late (alas) hath been made known to us.

The twice-born *Liber* seeing that his *Foes*
 (Whom the parch'd desart Cliff's as yet inclose)
 Had furious war begun, with hot alarms,
 Doth call his *Ivy-crowned* troops to arms,
 And the swift *Lynxes* to be yoak'd, commands ;
 The great *Bassarides* in order'd bands,
 March with their valiant Leader to the Field;
 And all his *furious* *Priests* obedience yeild
 To his behests, and follow : nor yet will
^c *Silenus* (though grown old) at home sit still.
 The Drudges and the Carriages go next,
 And amongst them is led (" an ample Text,
 For *Antiquaries* to glosse on) the sage
Silenus saddle-*Asse*, grown lame with age ;
 The fearfull *Indians* here and there do fly ;
 And while they fought their flying enemy,
 The weary Troops having too long in vain
 Wandred about upon the sandy Plain,

^b *Thyrus*, or a spear wound about with *Ivy* was the Ensign of *Bacchus*,
 as the Club of *Hercules*, the Trident of *Neptune*, &c. And this may seem
 to be given to him Emblematically to shew us, that Wine does se-
 cretly wound, carrying a *Cupis*, a sting, or sharp and pointed weapon
 hid under the *Ivy* leaves, the pleasure of drinking it and beholding
 it dancing and sparkling in the glasse. ^c The Foster Father to *Bacchus*,
 whom the Poets feign to be the Superintendent or Governour of the
 Satyrs.

Now faint, and their provisions all are spent,
And *Bacchus* wants what he himself first lent
To us Men, the liquor of the *Vine*.

(Pity that he who gave, should e're lack *Wine*!)
The old mans Vessel too being quite drawn dry,
Dies in his Chariot overturned ly.

The *Menades* and *Satyrs*, and the rout
Of untam'd youth (impatient of the drought)
To wound the intrals of their Mother Earth,
Longing to see some gentle spring gush forth.
But all in vain, necessity makes them bold
To taste the salt drink; their own bladder hold
Unnatural draughts! but yet such is their woe,
That those unnatural draughts do fail them too.

To Tyrant-like, Thirst in their bodies reigns,
All moisture does forsake their dried veins.
The sterner face of horrour now controuls
The sinking Troops; Some breathe their toasted souls
Out of their reeking jaws; others are found
To borrow supplies from their mutual own wound;
Who finding too those Fountains to grow dry,
In a despair drink their last Cup and dy.

While thus the Army is about to fall,
And generall death is threatned over all,
A Courteous Vale, which not far off did lie,
Resents a fair hope to the fainting Eie;

d *Silens*. *e* Furious women, who served in the sacrifices of *Bacchus*;
madreys, insanire. *f* The first finding of *Tabaco*.

An obscure *Herbage* shews a doubtful face,
 Confused made by distance of the place.
 At which the nimble-sighted *Evius* cri'd,
 O my companions, let 's awhile abide :
 Why with disgrace should we forsake the Field ?
 Yon neighbour-Vale will us wish'd succour yeild
 These words applyed Balsame to their sore, (fore
 And made them close those veins they broach'd be
 Which having done with flow, yet labour'd pace,
 (As weaknesse would permit) they reach the place
 And being there, behold a *Wood* o're spread
 With vast *thick leaves*, lifts up its brisking head
 Offering his aid, " a wel-grown Plant, and tall,
 Which we of later times *Tabaco* call.

Bacchus o're-joy'd, salutes the *powerful Weed*,
 Hail thou that art our help in greatest need;
 I do acknowledge thee a gift Divine,
 And of near kindred to that * *Tree* of mine.
 More he had said, but that his followers deaf
 Unto such Courtship, pluck the long'd-for leaf,
 Which they betwixt their green-di'd teeth do bite,
 And with it slake their barking appetite.
 Not so, *Silenus* : many years had made
 Him wiser far, to taste he is afraid :
 Not his own ill, the danger of his Mates
 Shall teach the vertue of their *new-found Cates*.

* The Vine.

Nor is it long before th' event discries
The uncouth power that in *Tabaco* lies ; (tell,)
Through the whole Camp (a wondrous thing to
Like drunken men, they vomited and fell.
The Earth doth seem to glide in Circlewise,
(* * *Copernicus* from hence learnt his device,) And their sick brains beleeve the Heavens in love
To meet the rising Earth, do downwards move.
A most invincible desire of sleep
Doth seize them all ; the Goat-foot *Satyrs* keep
Lowd snortings on the Lands, and by their side
The *f. Mimallons* (or femall Priests) abide
Lock'd up in Silence, (in a happy hower.
Most blessed Drug, hadst thou no other power?)
But this not long : New life and Spirits apace
Run back t'inform each member, and do chase
Dull drowsinesse from them; now again they rise,
Their feet are firm, lightning comes frō their eies.
With brawny arms they shake the *leavy Spear*,
And with loud cries do wish the Foe were near.
Silenus sees, and wonders to behold
Th' infiebled Host so suddenly grown bold ;

*Whosc opinion is, that the Sun stands still, and the Earth (being one of the Planets) moves. f The women-Priests of *Bacchus* spoken of before: so called from the mountain *Mimas* sacred to *Bacchus*; or (as others) from the Gr. word *μιμεσθαι*, to imitate; because it was their use (carrying horns and spears wrapt about with Ivy in their bands) to imitate his expedition into *India*.

O my good Friends, he cries, we came not hither
Without some *God propitious* to us ; neither
Let us forget still to confess the same,
And sing just praises to great *Bacchus* name.
Nor let us be ashamed now to call
Tabaco our *Health*, our *Spirit*, our *Life*, our *All* ;
Who but for that had fell, for ought we know,
A sacrifice to the insulting *Foe* ;
The weak unto the powerful ; and so wee
Had yeilded them a bloudlesse victorie :
But let them now come on, and they shall find
Our strength grown great, to that as great a mind.
Yet let us carefull be ; though we have gain'd
A Gift from *Heav'n*, it must not be profan'd
By blind and ignorant usage : for this know,
If old *Silenus* any skil does owe
To his gray hairs, some secret *poison* lies
In the rare *Plant*, hid from our outward eies.
Trust not the green juice then unto your Maw,
Eat not the Leaf, there's danger in it raw :
Phabus shall cook it for us, so we may (ray.
Take wholesome draughts purg'd by his searching
For sure kind *Nature*, if we may be bold
So far her *Cabinet-Councils* to unfold,
Invented it a *Banquet* for the *Brain*,
Not for the *Belly*. Let each lusty Swain
Rub the *dri'd* *herb* then 'twixt his hands, w^{ch} done
And hous'd in *Pipes*, let us intreat the Sun

To

To fire it for us, that the *warm Cloud* may
(Being *subtle* grown, and apt to find the way)
With the more ease the *winding Stair* obtain,
Which leads unto the *Chamber of the Brain*.

Silenus thus commanded, they obey ;
Part of the *Satyrs* without all delay
Prepare the *Canes*, and some the *Leaves* do break
Into a dust-like substance ; others take
The *Pipes* and fill them, nothing now but fire
Is wanting to them ; which they all desire.
The old ^g Man from his Wallet draws a *Glaſſe*
Which in old time the quaint invention was
Of bold *Prometheus*, when (to get a name)
He from Heav'ns *Furnace* stole th' *Eternall Flame*.
Lo, here is fire, he saith ; that said, he lays
Dry'd Leaves together ; and that done, assays
To catch the Sun-beams ; to those leaves applies
His *Glaſſe*, which *round* does from the Center rise.
The darted rays like to sword points, do wound,
The yeilding fewel on the parched ground ;
Heat by degrees steals in, and lodges there,
Whence *Smoke* is sent to tell that fire is neare.

The *Satyrs* all appland him, and do bear
Their * *Master* on their Shoulders, up they rear
Their voices to the stars : but th'old *Sire* first
Adventures with the *Pipe* to quench his thirst.

^g *Silenus.* * *Silenus.*

From thence he gently sucks a precious *Cloud*,
 Which his wide nostrils vent again: aloud
 The *Satyrs* laugh; but he fill'd with delight
 To taste the sudden sweetnesse, findes new might
 Disperst through his whole body, like as when
 Crown'd Bowls do adde quick Spirits unto men.
 Moisture returns into his mouth; no more
 Salt thirst or bitter hunger (as before)
 Afflicts him; onely a short giddinesse
 Makes his legs fail, and temperate sweat does dress
 His face in pearly drops: but yet not long,
 They vanish, he remains unhurt and strong.

Under the Covert of the cooling shade, (made,
 Which by the thick-leav'd *Indian plant* was
Silenus lays him down, and being there,
 Began to tell how Sciences first were
 Made known to Mortals; and most liberall
 Of the rich treasure of his mind, does fall
 To speak of Natures Secrets, and rare powers,
 So with sweet talk cheating the slow-pac'd howers.

The youthfull Crue do imitate their *Syre*,
 And their *Tabaco* in their *Pipes* they fire;
 But yet unskill'd to *nose* it right, it rears
 A *Coughing*, not without some grieflesse *tears*.
 While merry thus they sport them on the grasse,
 Behold, their *Messengers*, who long (alasle)
 Had been expected, do return, and bring
 Plenty of *Wine* and *Victuals* to their *King*

And

And *Camp*, at which *Ecco's* of joy do tear
Wth loud and pleasant notes the passive air.
Their *Pipes* they tune to *song*, and *high* in mirth,
Low they do bow their knees towards the Earth
Unto the *Men* which did the *Bottles* bring: (*ring*)
("Such petulant Sport through the whole *Host* did
Nor yet the *old mans* lame and crazie *Asle*
Being return'd, can unsaluted passe.
With *junkets* first, next they do clear their *Souls*
With lusty *Wines*, *Checkering* their *Pipes* & *Bowls*.
All things are fill'd with *Smoak*, *songs*, *dances*, *cries*;
Till midnight pours sweet sleep into their eyes.

The *Morn* no sooner with her *rose wing*,
Had fann'd cool air upon them, but their *King*,
The carefull *Bacchus*, summons them to rise:
The like does good *Silenus*, and applies
Sage counsell to the *Army*, who the night
Before had been steeped in soft delight.
Enough, my friends, enough, y' have given the reign
To *Wine* and *Mirth*, be now your selves again;
Call back your wonted *Anger* to your brow,
And think of nought but *Wars* and *Conquest* now.
Compose your Arms then to a present *Fight*,
The *Foe* is near perhaps, though out of sight;
In order'd ranks march on; but first take heed
To store your selves with our *new precious Weed*,
Made ready for your *Pipes*, your *Pipes* made fit
Unto your mouths, with *fire* to kindle it,

And suddenly with this prodigious face
Of *smoke* and horrour, we the *Foe* shall chase.
Be men, and doubt not but eternall Fame
Shall Trumpet unto after-times, your name.

This said, with nimble diligence they all
Strive who shall first obey their *Generall*;
Who by this time is in his *Chariot*, prest
For *Action*, eminent above the rest :
And by his *Chariot* (slowly as he can)
The unkemb'd *Asse* carries the good ^h old man ;
For war unmeet, yet eloquent, and fit ^h *Silence.*
For sage advice, when dangers call for it.
The numerous *Host* with equall wings does fly,
And with stout spirits wish for th' *Enemy*,
Who is at hand; for presently * *he* rears **The enemy.*
Over the neighbour *Hill* his *growing Spears*.
The bloud begins to boyl in *Bacchus* brest,
Some shake their *brazen Timbrels*, and the rest
Beat up their warlike Drums: but all combine
To *whet* their *resty anger* with good *Wine*.
Their ready *Pipes* are fir'd, and with their breath,
They cast a mist before the face of death :
Breathing out fire and smoak, they forward goe
In *Equipage* to meet the coming *Foe*. **The ene-*
A sudden fear and trembling does possess *mies of*
Th' affrighted * *Indians*, who suppose no less
Then the dire footy *powers* of *Hell* to bee
Marching against them : part of their *Army* flee,
And

And wisely wary, fearing future harms,
Trust rather to their *Legs*, then to their *Arms* :
Some do for mercy crave, and without stroke,
Submit their willing necks unto the yoke :
But quickly (though too late) their eyes grow clear,
To see their error and their *Panick* fear.

Asham'd to be deluded so, they cry,
They *blush* and *sigh* for their *lost liberty*. (chear ?

But *Bacchus* chears them (" whom cannot *Bacchus*
So temper'd with a sweetness he doth bear
His awfull Majesty, that they grow glad
By such a hand so to be vanquished ;
One day doth see, (' as they would mingle souls,)
The *Victors* and the *Conquer'd* mingling *Bowles*
Without all diffrence, as if equally
They both had *sacrific'd* to *Victory*.

The Wine grows busie, and betwixt each Cup
(" As in a Play 'twixt th' Acts) their *Pipes* strike up;
They do admire their native *Herb*, but yet
Grieve they no sooner knew the use of it. (ther,
Thus they with *Smoke* their inward *Cares* do smo-
And so by one Cloud do expel another.

Thence was the famous *Plant* at first made known
To men; and thus have I it's Cradle shown.

What *virtues* in the *noble Weed* do rest,
What *Constitutions* it agrees with best,
And what *diseases* it will *cure*, is now
Thy Task, my *Muse*. " Rub my contracted brow,

And waken all the heat that's in my Brain,
To adde a *Genius* to another Strain.

Tabaco King of Plants I well may call; Tabaco the Catholike medicine.
Others have *single* vertues, this hath *all*.

All Herbs to him do loyall homage yeild,
The vanquish'd *Hellebore* leaves him the *Field*,
The loos'ning *Rhubarb* too, and merry *Vine*,
The *Balsam* good for wounds, the *Beans* for swine;
Field Penny-Royal which the mind does shear,
And *Poppy*, which a heavy head doth wear.
O the great goodness of the Gods, who set
So rich a *Jewel* in a small *Cabinet*!

Whose seed, though small as dust or atomes light,
Deceiving both the touch and nimble sight,
Like a thick wood strait covers all the fields,
And surest aid in doubtful sickness yeilds;
Of which effects who seeks the cause to know,
A labour difficult doth undergo:
For whether a salt mixture do abound,
This Plants admired substance to compound;
Or whether nature grown more liberal,
Her richest bounties on this Herb let fall:
Or that each Countries various situation,
The soil or seasons cause the alteration;
Or that it have an inbred sympathie
With young and aged tempers to agree,
In natures secret bosome lies conceal'd,
Nor is by humane studies yet reveal'd;

Yet

by examples, if we may advance
search the winding ways of ignorance :
t, to dissolve the whole into like parts,
hhaps may give some light to future Arts,
hereby at length the discontented mind,
not the truth, Truth's image yet may find.
What ever is in *Nature* which doth fall
der the power of *Taste*, men *Salt* do call ;
hich is twofold; or that which doth inhere
the corporeal Mass, and dwelleth there,
om which not subtle *Vulcans* looser flame,
ith all the art he hath, can wooe the same,
t conchuant in the *Ashes* doth remain,

om whence it doth the name of *fixed gain* : ^{Fixed}
else that *lighter fugitive*, that flies ^{Salt.}

ith the kind Smoke up towards the airy Skies.

With which we see in candles pointed flames,
On whited seilings drunkards write their names)

o this our learnedest Physitians give
he name of *Flying Salt*, or *Fugitive*. ^{Flying Salt.}

or must we forget how the teeming *Earth*,
regnant with much salt mixture, giveth birth
o her dear Off-spring, from whose womb is sent
o every Plant his proper nutriment ;

‘ The hand of Nature ordering things so well,)
ence have the *fruits* their *taste*, the *flowers* their
whose dark Caverns most confused lies ^{(smell.}
he bitter *Nitre* imitating *Ice* ;

Foun-

Fountains of *Sulphur* here a place does claime,
 There Brimstone, cozen Germane to the flame,
 With deadly Arsnick, here Quick-silver flowes,
 Which is resolv'd with hurt of Head and Nose :
 Sharp *Copras*, and these Elements among
 The biting *Alome* that contracts the tongue ;
 With many more, from whose large *Fountains*
 That great diversity of *Taste* in Things. (spring

If there be any now who fain would know
 To which of all these *Tabaco* doth owe
 It's Birth and *Vertues*, he with ease may see
 It from the ^a Brimstone draws his *Pedigree*.
 For who is he so blind, but well may gather,
 Seeing the *Childe*, who 'tis that is the *Father* ?
 Both ^b fat, both smelling strong, both do inherit
 An ambitious height fed by a nitrous spirit,
 Equally sharp, they both hold fast amain,
 Both loving fire, " and are belov'd again.
 Rub't with thy hand, "to recompence that toy,
 In gratitude it bribes thee with an *Oyl* :
^c Green *Wounds* it closeth with a safe delay,
 And from the ulcer'd, drives the filth away ;
 A quick and vigorous *Taste* it doth beget,
 And in the mouth it leaves a lasting heat :

^a Tabaco. The Pedigree. I am conscious that *Bitumen* is not properly Brimstone, but a fat clay, clammy like pitch, of the nature of Brimstone : but because I know not in our English tongue one word which can fully & truly expresse it; therefore I am bold to borrow the name of one of his nearest kindred. ^b The Symptomes. ^c The Vertues.

soveraign, if diffused, is the smell,
doth Contagion from bad aires expell.
The *heavy head* it hath a power to *rear*,
and with smart sneezings makes the *nostrils clear*.
ice turn'd to airy vapour by the flame,
g with that *active salt*, whose pride does aim
heavenly *Towers*, it *climbes* the *Capitoll*,
here like a *Goddesse* sits the *humane soul* ;
here gives supplies to the *exhausted brain*,
nd makes the *drowsie minds* grow *quick* again.

Thou glory of the Earth, a gift from Heaven,
Most *happy Plant*, who wer't not only given
refresh the *Pesants limbs*, whom toyl and sweat
ave weary made, or kill the *love of meat* ;
or yet t' *infuse* without the *help of food*
to decayed Nerves new strength, new bloud ;
ut hast a *nobler office*; thou art *Eyes*
o the *dark mind*, a *Lantern* to the *wise*,
When e're a sudden *night* the brains possesse
y too much *cockering* of the *Genius* :
r when the tired understanding brings
orth only *shadows* of *disjoynted things*,
napt to frame *Ideas* that are *cleare*,
or being fram'd, unapt to *keep them there*.
or thou no sooner arm'd with light doest come,
ut (like a *shining Taper* into a room
bscure before) all things turn *clear* and *bright* ;
he black *Clouds* fly, and *Cares* that fast do bite;

The

Th' inventing Power shines forth, & now descries
 The worlds large Fabrick to the mentall eyes.
 Th' eternall Species now do naked stand
 In comely order rank'd by Natures hand,
 And all the notions of th' inlightned brain
 Do now return to their true shapes again.

How often have I seen (a mighty throng
 Of greedy ears hanging upon his tongue)
 A learned Oratour trembling for fear,
 Confound his Heads, unable quite to bear
 His studied Method out —
 When at the last (amazement so prevail'd)
 That words and matter have together fail'd !
 VVho hath no sooner sacrificed unto
 His pettish Memory a grain or two (find
 Of th' generous Plant, but he could straightways
 All his lost Figures in his scatter'd mind ;
 His rannagate words too which were lately fled,
 And hid in some dark corner of his head,
 He apprehendeth now, (" as if a Torch
 Were lighted up in favour of his search,)
 And to the wondring people does dispence
 The ample Treasures of his ⁱEloquence ; ⁱDisputants. ^kAristote.
 Moreover if two ⁱ Warriours shall joyn fight,
 Train'd up i'th Camp of the old ^k Stagirite,
 VVhom a desire to know, or love of praise
 Hath urged on a mortall war to raise,

VVho

ho with all spleen an angry soul affords
gainst each other draw their *Bilbo* words ;
living by weight of reason to overthrow,
subtle windings to intrap the Foe.
compassed they are with youthfull bands,
ongst whom the *Judge* of the fair quarrel stands,
applauding all their equall nerves of wit,
nd by applauding, adding strength to it ;
ll at the last their strength doth fade away,
(As what humane force but will at length decay?)
which decay of soul, let one of them
ut take a single whisse o' th' sacred fume,
nd yee shall straight discover a new birth
f *Spirits*, (as when *Antaeus* touch'd the *Earth*
is *Mother*, and from thence did stronger rise
giving new battle to his¹ Enemies.)
he waiward *Faster* vanquished doth ly,
nd 'tis the *Drinker's* crown'd with victory.
ut if they both shall it convenient hold
o fetch new weapons, or to whet the old,
At this true *Vulcans* Forge, with wonder then
ee shall behold those two recover'd men,
Draw out a cruell bloody war in length,
Maintain'd by equall Nerves, by equall strength ;
Nor will they part untill the far-spent night
And weary Judge cuts off the tedious fight.

¹ In uno Hercule plures Hostes sentit *Antaeus*.

So at the *Trojan* war fame tels of old,
How that heroick pair of ^m Brethren bold,
Betwixt themselves a friendly strife did raise,
'Cause one of them the *Indian Plant* did praise;
The *Elder* damn'd it, yet dissemblingly,
Loving indeed what he did seem to fly:
Hot darts the younger at his brother aim'd,
And for the *Herb* a solemn war proclaim'd.
But e're the Trumpets sounded to the fight,
Our warriours both take care their *Pipes* to light;
Eager upon't, each other they provoke,
And fire their *Wits* with the most precious *smoke*,
Loading the *empty Quivers* of their mind
VVith headed arrows, which they (most unkind)
Mutually shoot; their nimble *tougue's* the *Bow*,
Their *Breasts* the *Buts* at which their shafts do go;
Many are sent, many retorted be
Upon the spenders head as cruelly.
Nor are there any pawses in the Field,
But what the draughts of the sweet Fume do yeild,
From whose warm aid repaired strength did grow,
And eager fury which should overthrow.
Untill their rage increasing with their might,
The sentence of the ^m King, who took delight

in *Podalyrius* and *Machaon*, two excellent *Physitians* and *Surgeons*:
the sons of *Aesculapius*, who were both present at the *Trojan war*, and
maintain'd a fierce Disputation concerning the nature of Simples. in *Agamenon*, who procured and fomented the disputation betwixt the two
brethren.

To

see such pretty and unheard of play,
commands a period to the doubtfull fray.
us fell the Herb, and stood by his own power,
d wars there be about it at this hower ;
Nought being so *certain*, but a *present wit*
And grace of speech will *doubtfull render it.*

— But I have lost my self, and am at gaze,
Vandring too far in th' *Academick*° *maze.*
other *Webbe* I have to weave, “ I will
tire awhile, and sharpen my *blunt Quill.*
e *Birth* and *Composition* I have shown
th' *Wholesome Herb*, in a verse which I dare own:
whom the *Plant* does show a *smiling brow*,
n whom it *frowns*: to which *diseases*, now,
doth professe it self an *Enemie*,
which a *Friend*, shall my next labour bee ;
As soon as some Tabaco I have tane,
Impoverisb'd the Pipe, t' inrich my brain.

Lycaum was *Aristotles School at Athens*, also the intricate and win-
g Groves and pleasant-walks about it.

The End of the First Book.

TABA-



T A B A C O.

Book II.

Remove the Candle and the Pipes ; (ho there!)
 We've tane a large draught of the fired ayr :
 While our inventions haste, and there remain
 Perfect *Ideas* in our hight'ned brain ;
 Let us make good the words which we have spoke,
 We scorn to feed the world with nought but smoke ;
 Dulness will seaze us, and gray-hairs (a thing
 Beardless *Apollo* cannot brook) will bring
 Mandates for a divorce 'twixt us and thee,
Cirrha, q thy *Temple* and our piety.
 Say *Muses* how the *Indians* conquer'd were
 What *Trophæs* great god *Bacchus* railed there,
 How that fierce nation was with pleasing awe
 Soft'ned to th' observation of his Law,

q A Town in the little Country of *Phocis* in *Greece*, where *Apollo* was most religiouly worshiped : Or otherwife one of the tops of the mountain *Parnassus*, the other being called *Nissa*.

How

How he their *bloody banquets* chang'd, and made
Of the destroying *sword* a saving *spade* ; *r Silenus.*
And with what ease (as one who playes) the ^r old
Man did the *vertues* of ^s that *leafe* unfold. *s Tabaco*

Perchance the *north-commanding King*, who led
You through the calm Sea from the cloven head
Of Mount *Parnassus* to his guilded hall, *t The Muses.*
This your discourse unto his ear may call,
Who though on its natural sent he no price sets,
Yet if perfumed with *your violets*,
And odoriferous breath (as sweet as those)
Amongst his *pillowes* it may finde repose.

The conqueror once planted in his throne,
Did not with bloody weapons prey upon
Their lives or goods, nor did he go about
To make *strange lords* driving the natives out :
Nor like a Tyrant sought with violence
To force his trembling Subjects to obedience ;
Experience having tutor'd him that where
Fear is thick sown, nothing is reap'd but fear.
With smiling brow and gentle compellation
He crept into the favour of the Nation,
Whose easie love did their hard hearts incline
To capability of discipline ;
And with its powerful Retorick provoke
The churlish Soyl to undergo the yoke.

The Land had ill report for Beasts which there
Inhabited, the spotted Linx, "the Bear,

Wolves, Tigers, swift-foot Lybards, and the stout
Lions (" as Captains) mingled with the rout,
There all unpunished in ambush lay
For lives of beasts and men which were their prey ;
Nor had they care those enemies to destroy ;
In mutual slaughter was their onely joy ;
Their great delight it was, their chieftest good
To spoil the neighbouring field with fire & blood ;
And having slain, inhumanly t' appose
Upon their reeking table their boyl'd foes :
The gentle *Victor* * hated much to be * *Bacchus.*
A partner in their savage gluttony,
Who in their thirst of blood did not surcease
To sprinkle on them a desire of peace.
Their King he long'd to see, and those *vast parts*,
And into their gross minds t' instil the *Arts*.
Out of his many such as he knew to be
Of civil garb smooth'd by urbanity,
A few he did select, (these *liberty*,
The larger use of *Wine* and *Venery*
Had feeble made, until th' *heroick ayr*
O' th' *noble plant*, and *business* did repair
Their near exhausted nature, and restore
Them to that strength which they had lost before)
Balanus and *Amphoria* he did call,
Merry *Neander* too, good fellows all ;
To these the one-ey'd *Pelias* he thought fit
To joyn, and *Idmon* famous for his wit,

" Nimble

" Nimble to break a jest in verse or prose,
But laught at for the *blew bunch* on his nose;
The mumping *Trullus* too, who always feard
He should be mockd for having of no beard:
Close at their backs creeps *Aper*, who of late
A jolly drinker was, but wayward fate
(*"* Knowing his belly t' have no need of ears)
Had rob'd him of his hearing, who now bears
A presence not so welcome as before;
Ill chance into *" Mirth's Pallace* bard the^w door;
Commanded to retire he was, but he
(Poor soul) was *deaf* to leave *good company*.

The petty King ^x *Hematoës*, then whom
None crueller to bring the captives home,
And being there, devour them, prov'd to have
His Empire not far off, whom a large *Cave*
Shut up from sight of Sun: there ye might see
Shambles of human flesh (*o cruelty!*)
Bodies of young and old men there did lie
Pin'd up in *Coops*, fatted with Paste to die
By th' Buchers hand. Hither with dogs and darts,
With wide-mash'd *Nets* and all their hunting arts,
With merry *Cornet*, and the horns shril sound
Mixt with the filling crys o' the deep-mouth hound;
The Troup turns in. Here doth the Tyrant dwell,
Just such a Palace hath the *god of Hell*)

^u The Brain. ^w The Ear. ^x From *aiug* Blood: A King amongst
e Canibals.

The Caves large mouth gap'd wide about the door,
("A fearful sight !") mens bones did pave the floor,
The Turrets of the same with horrid looks
Show'd like a garden set with *Hartichokes*
When their rough heads into long scales are grown,
And their proud tops are almost *Thistle-down*.

It fortun'd here to be a feast that day,
And their fat things unto the fire they lay ;
The noise without did summon from his cave
The *King*, on whose head a green plume did wave :
He stares a while, then flies into his den,
So does a second, so a third agen,
Forgetting all (such was their suddain fear)
To bar the gate and keep the strangers there :
In this amazement *Idmon* first did enter
The unknown passage (famous for that venture)
Led by a quick-nos'd dog; then followed
The youthful Crue groping as they were led ;
For there no windows were, nor any light,
Onely a little glimmering strook down right
From the *Grotts* mouth, which with a doubtful ray
Seem'd as they pass'd to stammer out the way ;
Silenus in the midst does nothing fear,
But *Bacchus* thought him safest in the *Reer*:
At length they come drawn by the stink of meat
Nastily drest, into a hall replete
With steam and noise, where the most horrid face
Of a cruel Kitchen that e'r eye did trace

Struck the first Ent'rers dumb; ful *Caldrons* here
Of reeking heads plaid ov'r the fire, and there
Fast'ned to dog-tree spits shoulders and thiges
Of men dropt into dishes; ("drop mine eyes)
And the preparers of this goodly feast
Were *Women-Cookes* girded about the waft:
Hard by in Francks (like fatted Boares) there lay
(Reserv'd as dainties for the next feast day)
The bodies of ten men; these passed by
Not without tears, god *Bacchus* on doth hye
To seek *Hamatoës*, whom the trusty nose
Of the fierce Mastie does at length disclose
Lurking in a dark hole, whom (being found)
He thus accosts, low lowting on the ground;
Rise O thou, wretch, and learn to look on men;
Harmless we come, nor minde to pay agen
Thy slaughter void of all humanity,
With the just slaughter both of thine and thee;
We do forgive, to pity we incline;
Our manners are not steep'd in *blood*, but *wine*.

Yet if in *blood* ye take so great delight,
And have so burning a desire to fight; (drive,
Make war with *beasts*, from th' herds the *Lions*
But spare your *Neighbour-men*, keep them alive:
Into your bellies cram not such odious *meats*,
Nor with such y filthy *Trophies* deck your gates:

y The bones of the Slain.

Wolves do not know such rage; *Tygers* invade
Not *Tygers*, nor yet is th' *Lion* made
A feast to th' angry *Lion*; take away
This most inhuman Diet then, and lay
These sadder *Relicks* of your *Tyranny*
Low under earth forgotten; happily
We shall finde honester dishes: “*And your Feast,*
“*By our new Cates shall not be spoild, but grac't.*
* He nothing clear did answer, through his throat
Was only sent an obscure grunting note;
And with a look worthy his speech, he obey'd
The † *Monitor* unwillingly, and laid
Commands upon his trembling Clients, “who
Prepared to act what he did bid them do.

The *cursed meat* gave place, and in its room
On cleanly Spits *Pleasanter viands* come;
Shoulders of Staggs, and *Sowes*, the fearful *Hare*,
The *Duck* and *Mallard*, and what else their care,
And Hunters labour did provide — —
The ground's their their table, (time will not allow
Them to provide them better tables now)
Bacchus sat first, *Silenes* next, the third
Hematoes; which done, the humble board
Without all order was incompass'd round
By the lords of *Bacchus* Court; then on the ground
In jolly Knots the *common* *souldiers* sate,
Each with a painted *Target* on his back.

* *Hematoes.* † *Bacchus.*

“ The

“ The Courtly *Liber* gently his hands does wring,
“ And with soft words thus strokes the * barbarous
The Fates be kinde unto us, never may (King.
We have a just case to repent this day **Haematoës.*
The joyning of our hands, but happy be
These fair beginnings of our amity.
Banish (my Friends) these *unclean rites*, and live
The life of *men*, “ *merit the name I give* :
And thou my *brother*, *King*, forgive I pray
Our ruder entrance “ and our longer stay,
Condemn not our free language, which shall prove
Signes to confirm, and bonds to tye our love :
This entertainment may hereafter be
A benefit to your posterity ;
Nor shall your youth repent they heard us tell
(The best of human things) how to *live well*.
Be this thy *pledge*, then which no holier thing
Is in thy vowes ; thus spake the *God* and *King*.
This said, a bowle of liquor straight he drunk,
Which flow'd but lately from a tall tree trunk
That stood hard by in leather bags. The * beast
Next took the bowle, “ which quakes to be imbrac't
By such a hand, and though unknown till then,
Belching the clotted blood of wretched men,
The *Nectar* forceth down, (“ *O cruel doom*
“ *So good a Guest should have so bad a room !*)
“ *The noble liquor hating such disgrace* **Haematoës.*
“ *Made offer to return and quit the place,*

“ But he not willing to it, sends forth raw
 “ And filthy belches from his stinking maw ;
 At which laugh'd *Pelias*, *Idmon* held his nose,
 But *Liber* becken'd to them to compose ^{Haemat.}
 Themselves, and with words fittied to that end,
 Settled the wavering Countenance of his * Friend.

You 'have play'd the man, he cries, but pray you
 Whether the Liquour pleaseth you or no. (show
 With that his front and eyebrowes being drawn
 To th' crown of 's head, thus the great *Beast* did
 Beleeve me (stranger guest) the sort of *bloud* (yawn);
 From whatsoever *Throat* it flow'd, is good :
 Not better comes from 'a beardlesse youth then this;
 I doe not fear to drink the second dish
 If any proves so kind to fill it mee.

Bacchus reply'd, it shall be given thee ;
 But yet take heed, alas thou canst not tell
 (Good man) what danger in this *bloud* doth dwell,
 To adde Bowles to Bowles is an unseemly thing,
 And hurtfull too, by thine own harm (O King)
 I willingly will not permit thee know ;
 Better thy 'experience to an other owe.

But 'tis to me a miracle to see
 How of your *home-bredriches* yee should bee
 So ignorant ! this pleasing liquor which
 Your duller palate doth so much bewitch,
 The tribute is but of an *obvious Tree*,
 Which by small pains, less cost obtain'd may bee ;
 Whose

whose willing branches ever open stand
lady t'imbrace the knife and wounding hand,
uring forth rivers that do know no ending,
ternall streams from living fountains sending.
cul'd, and let the Earth's good bounty then
tain its lawfull use ; why (" being men)
ould yee account it a brave thing to owe
our fat to *humane veins*? and lurking low (quite
th' Earths close womb *like Serpents*, remov'd
om *Men and Sun*, t' extinguish Natures light ?
e have the *Shape of Men*, the *Breasts*, nor are
ourage and Strength wanting in you for warre;
many good things then why will yee have
o lie intombed in a lazy *Grave* ?

Your manly *Character* is *losse*, and though
Your food be *bloud*, your colour is not *so* :
ut a *blue Palenesse* on your swoln face sits,
nd your *retired eyes* are two *deep pits*.
o difference is betwixt your *Cheeks* and *Nose* ;
our *Face* a *Bladder* seems; *Scurf* only grows,
ot *Hair* upon your *Temples*; your *lips* swell
With *Putrefaction*; your *loose Teeth* distill
lack *bloud*, and not without great pains yee draw
our often stopped breath ————— (will)
our *Nerves* have not the power (though you the
o thrust your *Ribs* out when your *Lungs* do fill.
our *weakness* by short pantings is bewray'd
As on your *Breast* there were a *Mountain* laid ;

Slow

Slow is your pace, your knees each other beat,
 And no desire yee have of wholesome meat ;
 It is your chief delight, your greatest praise,
 On the dull ground to slumber out your days.
 VVhich *Plagues* by this dark *irk som Cave* are bred,
 (Through which nor winds nor Sun e're travailed,) Help'd by your *noysom Fare* ; or rather sent
 By th' *angry Gods* unto your *punishment* ;
 But for your *Barbarism* you dearly pay,
 Your foul draughts now returning the same way.
 They entred through your mouths, as if they would
 Admonish you at length to know your good.
 But oh (such stupidnes doth you posses !)
 Your harm yee know not, you own *good* much less.
 Saw yee that *jolly smoke*, which now arose
 (As through a *Chimney*) from the *old * mans nose*?
 That *smoke* but now was *dust*, and it is scant
 A brace of days since that *dust* was a *Plant*,
 On which a neighbour † *Island* of small fame
 Once hath bestow'd *an honourable name*.
 The end of all your mischiefs hope from hence.

You *gray-hair'd Syre*, who can with ease dispence
 The *Secrets* of *Dame Nature*; tell I pray
 The *virtue* of the *remedy*, and the *way*
 It cures; be sudden and defer not then (men.
 To breathe wish'd health upon these wretched

* *Silenus*, † *Tabaca*, an *Island* in the *Indies* from whence the *Herb* had its name.

lenus laid his Pipe from out his hand,
nd said, great things they are which you cōmand :
et if you think these ears to which I speak
Worthy of such great mysteries to partake,
will begin. But first let libertie
nto those poor sick men be given, whom I
held not long ago with fetters bound,
nasty straw lying upon the ground.

Hematoës nodded a consent, their bands (hands,
e loos'd, which done, creeping on both their
aring the sad marks of their foul disgrace
ch in his sullied and unmanlike face,
fraid of light like beasts from out a stall,
embling, they'r led into the merry Hall.

Th' old Father could not hold his tears, yet said,
my companions live, be not dismaid ;
better fortune waits yee: ("then descries
e Pipe) here, saith he, your recovery lies,
nely be willing to be cur'd : First, than

Pointing to one) thou poor and weak * old man,
Whose veins salt Rhewm does fil in stead of blood;
hose feeble legs though they have long withstood
nd wrastled with the Gout, do faulter now ;
hose blear-eyes run, and narrower do grow:
ou shalt be blind, despise my aid; imbrace
y Art, thou shalt see clear as th' Eagles race.

One of those who by the Cannibals were reserved for the next
ft.

That

That said, a Cloud of *smoke* he forthwith blows
Into his greazy Cap, and clapping close
The limber brims unto his head, shuts in
The old mans face (" as in a bag t'had bin.)
The biting Smoke into his eyes did go,
And caus'd a showre of tears from thence to flow.
All things about him plainer far appear'd,
And light comes in, his Window's being *clear'd*:
And now with ease he able is to say,
How many Carbuncles themselves display
Upon his* Master's rough and cragged nose, * *Silene*
Who in examination farther goes (ber-
Asking him what they were, how great their num-
He shows his fingers and replies with wonder,
So many Strawberries I there do see,
And such as in our woods are wont to bee.
The *old Blade* shook his sides, his fellows too
Laugh'd out aloud, " they could none other doe.
Worthy t'have *joyns* without one *gouty knot*,
Silenus cries, come fuck, but fail you not
To close your lips, and ope your nostrils wide,
That easily the smoke from thence may glide
As from a pair of *Tunnels*: he did so.
The *Cave* turns round, and the man sick does grow;
He feels a tempest in his belly grumbling,
And the raw morsels up and down are tumbling
In his disorderd Stomack , till at last
They find the way, and up he doth them cast.

Behold

hold your *Gouts destruction*, he cryed,
thus is the *humour* at the *Fountain dryed*.

wice shalt thou do this, ("in its proper place)
When th' *Moone*^a lies hid, or shines with *biggest face*;
like a full *Tide*, for then the moisture ^b *springs*;
fter a dinner of fat *Chitterlings*.

he *Cisterns* purg'd thus, the *dregs* being gone,
he nourishment will then much purer run,
lattering the *joyns* as it does pass, and free
rom all *Malignant reliques* will it bee;

lor the distorted *sinews* be grown o're
Vith *Chaulkie hardnessse* as they were before:

hen shall thy *feet* be *nimble* as thy *mind*,

"out-dance the *Satyrs*, and out-run the *wind*.

et if there should some foot-steps still remain

Of the *salt Rhewm*, fly to thy *Pipe* again,

Iwill vanish straight, and thou posses from thence

A far more *active* and an able *Sense*.

Nor does this *soveraign medicine* affwage

The *Gouts* sad torment, but the *Colicks* rage;

it cures the fearfull ^c *stopping* of the *guts*,

Which 'twixt the *Throat* & *Seat* no difference puts;

^a At the Change and Full. ^b In mens bodies. ^c The stopping of
he small guts, suffering nothing to passe downwards, by reason of
which is caused a great griping in that place; and also a filthy stink
ent up by the throat, making one to smell alike at both ends. This
Disease is called in Latine *Volvus*, from *Volvo*, to wrap about or in-
wine, *quia pluribus orbibus & anfractibus involvum est*. From whence
he Greeks call it *ειλος* from *ειλειν*, *vertere* or *volvere*, which indeed
gives the name of *Uia* to the small guts; although some would have
the name of this disease to come from *λειδη*, *misericordia*, *quia dolor mi-
serandus est*; for a miserable disease it is indeed.

The swelling of the head it drives away,
And bribes the ^d Ears musicians not to play.
Thus it will do, where it a Lover finds
That constant is, nor (like a Coward) minds
The rivial Chidings of his wife, when she
'Gainst th' harmless smoke venteth her Cruelty,
Because ("forsooth) their kissing it does so w^re,
And with forc'd rheum flatters her clean-rub'd
There was a man, as ancient stories tell, (floore.
That on the sea's unwholesome shore did dwell;
The noisom shore abounded with diseases,
'Mong which they say thus one the body seizes :
First, a fierce pain the belly seems to bore,
But as its violence increaseth more,
The members all are stretc'd as with a rope,
Nor any strength remains, nor any hope.
Thus he afflicted, Phœbus did implore,
And Phœbus soon with medicines doth him store;
But his endeavours all were vanity,
Till better fortune gave this remedy ;
Tabaco freeing him from pains and fears,
Hence he ador'd Heav'n's gift, and many years
In health from former evils did obtain,
Nor was he more vext with this vanquish'd pain.
Nor will it suffer that fierce ^e Fiend of Hell
Which in a hollow tooth doth love to dwell,

^d A whistling or singing in the Head. ^e The tooth-ach.

inhabit there, but conjures him from thence :
 or when the *Humour* once is felt to *pinch*
 the *roots o' th' Teeth*, and a swoln Cheek forth puts,
 such as an *Apē* shous when he *cracketh nuts*;)
 outhe but the smoke awhile, and thou shalt see
 both pain and swelling banished will bee.

any griefs else which an ill aire hath bred,
 ere have their cure, thus are they vanquished.

he *drilling fshowers* which from the ^g *Roofs arch'd*
 o on the tender ^h *Bellows* daily drop, (top,
 indring the blasts which keep the flame alive,
 and *thickned* in the middle Region, strive
 to hang like ⁱ *Clouds*, stopping the door o' th' voice,
 ght as gnawn *Parchment*, are in a small trice

Taking the powerfull smoke) brought forth, "and
 No bur remains, but straightway all is *cleare*. (there
 /hy should I tell yee of the *Mumps*? or bee
 roubled to name the *Rope invisible* ?

he *vertiginous disease*, " that sudden Devil,
 Sometimes a prologue to the Falling Evill?
 or the ^k *Wine-Sicknesse*, " when the wit's i'th'Suds?
 or ^l *dropping Noses* shortly threatning Flouds ?

^f A flux of Rhewm. ^g The Brain. ^h The Lungs. ⁱ Flegme. ^k The
 word is *Hellucis*, which is nothing else but *Gravitas capitis vino creatas*;
 some would derive it from the word *εννέα*. *Hesperno enim vino*
quenam εννέα, vocant Græci. ^l It is in the Latine *Clangs* *s* *nares*, which
 word is referred unto the voice *quando gravi tono incepit in acutum defi-*
scit; piping noses, or noses sounding like a trumpet: but I hope I have
 whit injured my Authour by rendring the word in a nearer cause.

All these are cur'd by *smoke*, if it be tryed.
When the disease is *ripe*, and then applyed.
Nor do there want whose *Youth* and *sinful Arts*
Have drawn diseases on their hidden *parts* ;
VVhether the *Channels* of the *Urine* be
Corroded by a *nitrous Spurcity*,
Or *bounteous Nature* freely doth bestow
Her broken meat ; keeps open *House* below :
Let such men too from hence expect their cure ;
Nor let them fear who do the *stone* indure,
From whom the *Pot* such horrid cries doth hear,
" That it doth wish it had not that *one ear* ;
VVho ^m there screw faces, and such looks express,
As does *Prometheus* on Mount *Caucasus*.
I do not play the *Poet* now, nor fain
Dreams of *Parnassus*, but my words are plain :
Known things I speak, and such as heretofore
My self have *felt*, e're I began t' implore
Tabaco's aid, e're, at my greatest need,
I found the *vertues* of th' *admired Weed*.
For (I'le confess) my better days worn out
VVith the high-feeding *Bacchus*, and the rout
Of drinking *Satyrs* did my'old *Vessell* fill
VVith *Leaks*, and made it subje&t to that ill,
To know which *pleasure* is, to *cure* is more
And greater *profit*. VVhat I heretofore

^m At the Chamber-pot.

Did

Book II. TABACO.

49

Did in my self not without pain indure,
In others now shall be my joy to *cure*.

But seeing there an equall care should bee
To expell diseases, and to *keep us free* ;
Listen all yee who do desire to know ,
Being once well, how to preserve yee so.

Some do by *nature* (as a poyson) *hate*
Tabaco, some most foolishly do prate
Against it, 'cause they of the former dayes
Liv'd long and *sound* without it. Let both these
Abstain, for 'tis not comely, or to fight
Gainst prudent *Nature*, or t'infuse a right
Mind into him who (stubborn) does despise
His *Ancestors*, being *Fools* to grow more wise.

He who does love it, let him know his *why*,
Not like an *imitating Ape* let fly
At all, without or *council*, or *end known*,
Advent'ring upon *actions* not his *own*.

Generation there be agen,
Who drink it that they may seem *Gentlemen*,
And show their breeding onely, who ne're think
Whether the thing be good or bad, they drink.
It is a rustick shamefac'tnes, and can
Never show comely in a well-bred man.

“ So have I seen, at *Christmasse*, when my Lord
“ Hath set a Clownish Tenant at his board,
“ Th' amazed wretch takes all that 's carved him,
“ Because he wanted wit how to deny. (why ?

D

Tabaco.

Tabaco is not an indifferent thing,
But to the Drinker good or bad does bring :
First, try thy body then, and learn to know
Whether thy Chimny carry smoke or no.

Hast thou a great ⁿ round head? a Front that stâds
Like a fair Foreland? brawny arms and hands?
Large Shoulders, a broad brest, fat Flesh, a Tongue
That's ever moist? take it, and fear no wrong.
But let ^o lean men forbear, whose Necks are hard,
Their Foreheads narrow, small their head, their lard
And puddings pinching, cheeks that up do rear
Their fleshly bones, and nostrils that are clear.
For as the force of P spirits to their brain
Comes in but in thin Troops and weak: so again,
When th' smoke appears, they all away do run
As mists are frightened with the winters Sun.
Nor let the ^q ruddy man on whose cheek gloues
A flushing that does imitate the Rose; (quent are,
Whose breath draws thick, and whose coughs fre-
Once touch the Pipe, but utterly forswear
Both it and all good fellowship, for fear
He buyes his pleasure at a rate too dear:
For he a fire already kindled has
Within his Lungs, and cherisheth (alas)

ⁿ Who may take Tabaco, ^o Who not, ^p Lean men have but
few spirits, which Tabaco overcomes. ^q Tabaco not good for such
as have sudden flushings, inveterate coughs, and short breath, which
are Symptomes of Conflumptions and Feaverish distempers.

A Feaver in his heart, "his own decay,
And in a lingring flame doth melt away.
But if to *smoke* thy love be grown so great,
That not thy solemn'st vows can conquer it,
But reason must yeild unto blind desire,
Take then the *Coltsfoot*, for his temperate fire
Warms but *inflames* not, whose light brushing air
Cleanseth the inward *Ulcers*, and makes fair
The *Cabbin* of the *Brest*. Once, if thou hast
ome hidden cause which makes thy body *wast*,
Or if a generall distemper dwels
in every ill-affected part, or els
An active *Feaver* in thy bloud be found,
Or thou endur'st the raging of a *Wound*,
Schew that *Syren-weed Tabaco* than,
Which pleasing kills, "appear to be a man.
Iard though it be, yet from the *flatterer* run,
And do not feed thine own *destruction*.
Besides all this, sometimes it fortunes so,
hat streams of bloud upwards & downwards flow
in plenteous manner, which a death portends,
Nature having given the *reyns* unto both ends.
In such a case what ever happen may,
hen from the *deadly Bowles* fly, fly away.
or thence the current of thy bloud does swell,
hy fits of vomiting do grow more fell,

For such men *Coltsfoot* better. / In what cases *Tabaco* is to be
used. / *Tabaco*.

Till at the last (" to make an end of wo,)
 Thy Life and Lease will out together go.

But I am here arrested, and bid stand
 By a *Writ of Reason*, seeming with one hand
 To pluck down what I with the other built,
 And thus I am accused of the guilt.

^u If from *Tabaco* heavy *sleep* be sent,
 And *sleep* a *chain* to bind the *excrement*,
 Unjustly then is that condemn'd to be
 Hurtful, which merits praise, not obloquie.

^w Know then that in the *Indian Herb* doth ly
 A *double power*, a *diverse quality*.

The *Salt* on one hand *spurs* slow *Nature* on,
 And like a furious rider makes her *run* :
 The *sleep-creating clouds*, and *sulphurous smother*
 Useth the *reyns*, and *stops* her on the other.
 But as the lusty and untamed *Steed*
 When on the small guts he is made to bleed,
 Flies out inrag'd, and scorneth (" as before)
 To obey the ruling *Bridle* any more :
 So is it here, when the *retentive force*
 Begins to *fail*, (" as 'tis with that wild horse)
 Every light touch disorders *Nature* quite,
 And makes her *forward rush* with all her might;
 Nor is it easie when she's at the *top*
 Of all her *speed*, quickly to *take her up* :

^u Objection, ^w Answer.

Th

“ Thus it appears if rightly understood,
“ The *xspur* more *harm* does, then the *ybridle* good.
So much it doth conduce to th’ good of men
I’ obserue the *nature*, *manner*, and the *when* ;
With the just *measure* and the *weight* of things,
So bodies gather strength, so vertue springs ;
Both by *too much*, or by *too little* fall.
What better thing then *Wine* ? yet not to all,
Nor at *all howers* must it be given ; For then
I’ woulde hurtfull prove; there is a season when
Tis certain *death* to drink it, and agen
It maketh *mad*, there is a season when.
Sometime too large a draught doth take away
The *reason* quite for a whole night and day ;
When if the *surfet* loseth not his *ty*,
The Drunkard dies, or at least seems to dy.

Near is our Pattern : blithe *Adonis* (late)
While he thy *Bacchanals* did celebrate
(O King *Lenaeus*) steep’d in *wine* and *sleep*,
The rest of thy Feast under *Earth* did keep.
Buried alive, supposed dead he was,
But the next day digg’d up again (alas !)
Manifest signes of return’d life were read
In his bloody hands and in his broken head,

x The *Sal volatilis*, or the Flying Salt, which is in Tabaco, pricking Nature forward to the avoiding of excrements. *y* The sulphurous quality in Tabaco, which courts Nature to sleep, and by consequence restrains the excrements.

With knee and elbow he had fought 'gainst death,
And in the narrow Coffin lost his breath.

This can be said 'gainst *Wine* : but against us
And our ^z *Art of healing*, what so barbarous
Can be objected by an adversary ?
Who by *Tabaco* hath been known to *dy* ?
Or from what man hath it his *reason* stole ?
In great Feasts rather when the spacious *Bowle*
Keeps order'd rounds; if there be any known
So desperate that he will with loss of 's own
Take others healths, and (superstitious) think
To observe the mad *Laws* made by th' *State of drink* ;
That nor his *reason* nor his feet decline,
Give him the *Pipe*, with the hot fuming *wine* ;
Let him the *med'cinal vapour* interpose,
' And with the smoke *damask* his wrinckled *nose* :
With an unblemish'd face he then shall rise,
And with a well-fram'd speech he shall seem wise ;
When the rude multitude who ignorant be
Of the soveraign *Herb*, or else incapable,
' Shall carrying *Torches* in their *Nose* appear,
' Yet stumble too with all the *light* they bear.
For even thy ^a *fire* (*Twice-born*) by th' *smoke* is staid,
Thy *active rage* is by the *fume* allaid.
(Nor let that envy move that praiseth thee)
A more strict league and friendship cannot bee

^a By *Tabaco*. ^a The hot fume sent from *wine*.

Betwixt the *Loadstone* and the *Steel*, then is
Between thy Spirit-raising *Vine* and this.

For ("like a pair of friends an ages wonder")
They tast far nobler ^bjoyn'd, then when asunder.

Nothing *Tabaco* hath but what is good;

As of a slain sow, every part is food.

The *Ashes* which after the flame do ly

As of no use, do turn to *Ivory*

^c Rusty and yellow *Teeth*; the *Smoke* obeys,
And (strange to hear) being commanded, ^d stays:
For lay thy finger to thy mouth, and blow,
Narrowing the passage first, but gently through,
And thou shalt straight discern it will not fail
To leave an *Oyl* upon the yellow nail: (hands,
Good for young girls who have rough and ^e scabby
On which, as on fen grounds, the water stands.
For being apply'd, it smooths and drains them quite,
And renders them, even unto wonder white.

For th' piercing *Air* thorow the secret pores
Shaketh the heart, and having set both dores
O'th' stomach ope, from thence wind-musick plays,
To the hearers mirth, and to the minstrels ease.
Thus they the laughter of their friends do gain,
And purchase beauty with a little pain.

The *Vertues* I have told; what *Mischiefs* are,
Or onely seem to be, I'll now declare.

^b Tabaco and Wine best when joyn'd. ^c Tabaco ashes a good Dentifrice. ^d Stays in oyl. ^e The oyl good against scabs and tetteres.

First, 'tis objected, that *Tabaco duts*
 The edge of the inlightned mind, and puls
 A cloudy darknesse on the active brain,
 Bringing in black *oblivion* there to reign :
 That when to seek his *Notions* he shall come,
 Misplac'd and lost they'll be i' th' *smokie roome*.
 A hainous crime: but such as *Calumny*
 Hath feign'd, or nice *simplicity*.

I answer 'tis not, 'cause it cannot be,
 That the immortall *Soul* whose *Pedigree*
 Is drawn from *Heaven*, should in poor manner thus
 Unto *Corporeal* harms b' obnoxious.
 If th' *Instrument* be lame, I do confess
 The *Action* halts, yet with the *Cause* doth cease.
 But th' *mind* of man *untouch'd* remains, although
 As with *black clouds* encompass'd, it doth throw
 No *lazy beams* abroad. Just so the *Sun*,
 When 'twixt his *Globe* and us the *Moon* doth run,
 Or else some cloud does for a time keep close :
 (" As if the world for him were at a losse)
 Though even then in his full *glory bright*,
 And to the *darker stars* lendeth more light.
 The *mind* no *spot* receives but from the *mind* ;
Idleness, luxury, and the giddy wind
 Of light *Inconstancy*, with the sudden fire
 Of *Anger*, these indeed do all conspire

Objections against Tabaco answered.

To

o shadow reason, and o'rethrow the wit,
lotting the *notions* which before were writ.
That which we *love* we can *remember* well;
O'th' many *drinkers* of *Tabaco*, tell
Me but of *one* who readily cannot say
Into which *Chest* he did his *treasure* lay;
(So stupifi'd a brain he has) or else
Who hath *forgotten* where his *Mistresse* dwells;
And I of the few *haters* will give you
A dozen for that *one*, ("good men and true)
Who shall be so far *dos'd*, they shall not say,
When being ask'd, what they *did* yesterday;
o whom their *names* have been forgotten long,
nd th' *Elements* even of their *mother Tongue*.
or in these men either *pestiferous* *flames*,
hurtfull *poysen*, or th' *disease* that claims
is name from a *sudden stroak*, or being too bold
With the *s* *fifth* *part* of *Venus* when grown old,
ave hurt the Brain —

Nor will the ^h*spirit* (of a near kin to th' *aire*)
His *office* overthrown, *stay* longer there.
or if by th' *excellent leaf* the *memory*
hould receive *injury*, how could it bee
hat Troops of *Learned men* should love it so,
Who know as much as lawfull is to know. (pleasure
Whose *Breasts* do swell with *wisdome*, whose chief
s in their stored minds to heap up *treasure*,

g Hor. Car. lib. 1. Ode 13. b Which informs the Brain.

And

And then pour forth what they were hoarding long
To rings of people with a ready tongue.

But it makes sad the marriage bed far more
Chast then the ⁱ leaf th' Athenian Matrons who
 At *Ceres* feasts, I hear the women say ;
 Nor is this quarrel but of yesterday :
 Tas been the *Matrons* hate since ^k *Mars* his who
 Set forth a law it should be brought no more
 Into her loved *Cyprus* as before :
 Which thus was caus'd. *Bacchus* from being at ^o
 With men, returns to th' *banquet* of the gods ;
 Store of *Tabaco* with him he did bring
 As signes of victory (then a new found thing)
 " Till that did burn, the gods were all on fire :
 " *Liber* begun to take it, they admire ;
Jove was the next, then *Mars* and *Vulcan* follow,
Mercury those, and last the bouri *Apollo* :
 Lustily through their nose the smoak they take,
 As if an other *Ætna* they would make.
 The *Goddesses* pleas'd with the novelty
 Laught all the while, but they, when they did see
 How much to sleep that night the gods were given
 Angry, decreed it should be banis'd Heaven ;

ⁱ *Agnus Castus* is a certain Shrub, which in Latin is called also *Vites*
 Like unto a willow, it takes the name from Chastity which it procures
 and the Athenian women were wont in their *Thesmophoria*, or feast
 of *Ceres*, to carry leaves of this about them, and to lye upon them
 that they might preserve themselves chaste. ^k *Venus*.

the rites of *Theffaly* be still admir'd,
To keep their husbands making was they desir'd :
Therefore next day soon as the smoaky feast
Began again, (ficer then all the rest)
The goodly Matron *Venus* on it flies ;
Pest, fire, Tabaco, broke and scattered lies ;
And being down she spurns them with her feet,
Wonder such wrath should come from one so
The war-like *Pallas* who stood by was sad (sweet)
To see the wanton Queen of Love so mad ;
Diana smil'd, and the¹ nine girles who sport
Hemselves on^m *Pindus* top was sorry for't.
He scatter'd reliques up they take, and place
Hem in their bosoms with a solemn grace ;
Intreating *Bacchus* for a new supply,
Soveraign aid to th' vow of Chasfity.
A foul reproach it is (forsooth) to tame
The rage ofⁿ *Cyprus* and her lustful flame ;
To strengthen vertue, with a rare tie to bind
To the limbs vigor, Empire to the minde.
For'tis a scandal to the plant to doubt
That it th' instinct of Nature should put out

¹ The Muses. *Profit mibi vos dixisse Puellas.* Sat. 4. So *Juvenall* makes himself merry with them calling them girles, who could not chuse but be very old, being so often called upon by the ancient Poets : but he supposed them to be of the same nature with other women, who though they be never so old, yet delight to be accounted young ; and therefore he seems in a jeer to bribe them for Poetick fury with the battering name of girles. ^m A mountain in *Theffaly* consecrated to Apollo and the Muses. ⁿ *Venus*, so called from the Isle *Cyprus*.

Like *Hemp*, or *Water Lillies* ; happily
 It may the *number bate*, not utterly
Destroy the gift of procreation :
 For th' natural heat having this *bridle* on,
 What it doth from the *number* take *away*
 I the *goodness* of the *breed* it doth *repay*.
 An *excellent benefit* where the *fortun's mean*,
 Not able numerous off-spring to maintain,
 Or where the *Common-wealth* *rejoyceth* more
 In th' *strength* and *quality* then in the *store*.
 Hence hath it ever good esteemed bin
 For the *white beard*, and for the *downy chin*,
 Teaching them both *good Husbandry*, how they are
 Both in the *bottom*, and the *top* to *spare*,
 While nimble flames of youth it doth suppress,
 And th' *lukewarm ashes* maketh *lukewarm less*,
 Freeing the *world* from *giddiness*, the *jolly*
Stripling from *rage*, and the *gray head* from *folly*.
 ‘ But O ye, *Ladies*, why should your *hatred* be
 Unto the *noble* *hearb* *in placable* ?
 Within your *gardens* give't *place* 'tis fit,
 For even you may stand in *need* of it ;
 Can ye be *cruel* still when I assure
 You, that it will fits of the * *Mother* *cure* ?

f The allaying vertue of Tabaco. *f* The fainter lust of old men. * Tabaco good against the Mother.

When

When th' womb beyond the bounds does upwards
 And at the belly like a "Ram doth push, (rush)
 lightly apply'd 'twill beat her back a main
 And force her take her proper seat again
 sooner and easier then the heavy weight
 Of two great *Captains* on thy belly laid ;
 Or a whole pregnant *Sow* of *Lead* —

Moreover set thy *Princely bowls* aside
 (Thou twice-born god) & then the bounteous wide
 Earth can affoord no dainty half so good
 For an *old man*; whether you'l call it *food*
 or the *humor radical*, or a gentle *draught*
 or the *dry brain*, or else a *weapon* caught
 Up to expel his *Sences enemies* :
 For it doth add a *quickness* to blear *eyes*,
 It takes the pendent *Isicle* from the *nose*,
 The mutiny in the *ear* it doth compose :
 ' And if thy ill-spent youth hath fill'd thy *bones*
 With *gripping aches*, and thy *brest* with *grones*,
 ' And th' *waiting maid* which cross thy *back* doth ly
 From *rest* blocks up the *Haven* of thine *eye*
 Here seek thy *help* and *finde*; for the *kinde smoke*
 Stealing into the *veins* shall not provoke
 Only thy *grief* and thee to *sleep*, but shall,
 To make the *night* seem *short*, before thee call

u Quid si ego hic nostrum dicerem ad uteri faminei similitudinem alludere
 qui inde nomen uteri forire videtur quod duplex sit, et ab utraq; in duas se
 dividit partes que in diversum diffusæ ac reflexæ circumPLICANTUR in medium
 ornum Arietis? Nec ideo labeficit conjectura measi. Arietem hoc in loco
 pro machinâ militari accipi contendit: tantundem enim est.

The

The lively shapes and images of things :
 Nor such dire monsters as the *Onion* brings
 To the late eater, or the *Pulse*, the *Bean*,
 The *Lintless*, [“] which are known to banish clean
 All pleasant dreams. The *Garlick* who doth eat,
 Or takes the foolish *Henbane* for his meat,
 Who makes a supper of the *Mad Night shade*,
 Him horrid looks shall in his sleep invade ;
 A strange confused generation
 Of living creatures 'fore his eyes shall run,
 Such as are not, nor yet shall ever be
 In the aire *Centaures*, *Harpyes* in the Sea :
 A Troop of *Dragons* from the cloven earth
 Shall with black *Devils* spitting fire come forth :
 Sometimes a *Storm* at Sea shall seem to rave ;
 And he neer drown'd shall grapple with a wave :
 Then he shall stand upon a *rock* on high,
 Seeming shall fall, and really shall cry ;
 Sometimes the *swords* of *Thieves* shall make him
 Sometimes again he shall behold a *Bear* (fear;
 Broke from the Chain, ready his life to take,
 And in the moment he should die, shall wake.
 But ^o*Morpheus* with our ^P incense being appeas'd
 Shall with much better *Tapestry* be pleas'd

^o The God of sleep ; or (as some) minister seu filius *Somni*, qui iussu domini vel pairis *nos* *Morpheus*, hoc est formis vel vultus hominum, verba ipsa, mores, et gestus imitatur. p Tabaco, which causeth pleasant and rational dreames.

hang the bed-chamber of the brain, and yeeld
the contented fancy a rich field
charg'd with fresh stories and fair pleasing shapes,
ot such as men may say are ⁹ Natures scapes,
ut such as true born children shall be,
nd to each private genius shall agree :
or what men *waking love* and do turn over
ith pleasure, they shall in their *sleep recover* :
he *Courtier, Oratour, and the Souldier,*
he *Juggler, Merchant, and the Marriner,*
he *Fisher, Waggoner, and Husbandman,*
he *Painter, Coryer, and Phyſitian,*
he *Poet, Lover, and the Advocate,*
The *Projector* too, that *cankor of the State,*
y our *soft potion lul'd asleep before,*
th night their *daily bus'nes* shall act o're
n perfect figures ; not as when fools behold
orms in the *doubtful twilight*, and grow bold
To judge them so as they do seem to be :
Or when the newly-risen *Moon* they see,
When through a sea of racking Clouds it stears
an even race ; nor do they clog mens ears
With any tedious discourse, or frame
Though in a dream an *argument* that's *lame* :)
Fair *Structures* oftentimes they build in *verse*,
And in the morning *clearly them rehearse* :

⁹ Monsters as the other.

Others

Others, do other things as clearly too
That thou wouldest swear sleep here had nough
For 'tis not like the drowsiness gotten by
The deadly Poppy, which the minde does tye
In Iron chains, nor the disturbing shade
Which is by the uncertain Hemlock made,
Whose weaker Geivs thrown o'r the members, ke
Them nor intirely awake nor yet asleep.
So good Philemon and his aged Spouse
Th' unhappy Baucis, ("ev'r their simple house
Was turn'd into a Temple) having made
A Supper of them, by their shape betray'd ^{r Hemlock}
Thinking them Parsneps, when at night they sprea
Their weary limbs upon their humble bed,
Nor fully awake, nor weight upon their eyes
Enough to make them sleep; they both did rise,
And through their cottage narrow entrance, quite
Bereav'd of minde, they wandred in the night,
Shaking with cold and horror till at last
Having a great part of the time thus past)
With rough saluting of the Posts half dead,
Brought back their Bruised limbs unto their bed.
But whom Tabacos clearer Spirit shall binde
In silken ties, shall in the morning finde
Both minde and body strong, and with delight
Shall tell how quietly he pas'd the night.
Onely be sure he hath a prudent care
He does not trade in vile and common Ware;

Sophisticate

Sophisticate by *Art*, but naturall :

For the same goodnes doth not reach to all.

" He who desires to find out the *true breed*

" Of the heroicall and generous weed,

While 'tis i' th' *Leaf*, may thus his longing crown,

'Tis y *sharp* and *thick*, i' th' *hand*, in the *eye brown*,

I' th' *nose* a *violet*, the *root* of *Tuscany*

Gives not so *large* and *rich* a *sent* as he.

Burnt in the *Pipe*, it will a *taste* disclose

Like *Castors Ragwort*, or our ^z *Ladies rose*.

But the *thin limber leaf* *Bormuda* yeilds,

Or such as grows in the *Virginian* fields,

Regard it not, " but send it to the *Fen* :

And leave such hay unto the *breasts* of men.

For it doth ^a *prick* the *tunicles* of the *eye*,

To the *pia mater* is an *enemie* ;

Who drink shall *idle* be, unapt for *pains*,

A *laziness* shall *creep* through all their *veins*,

They shall be ever *yawning*, and above

All things they shall the *Chimny corner* love.

And except hunger raise them, take delight

To *snort* by th' *fire* till it be *late* i' th' *night*.

But O ye *sa*red off-*spring* of the ^b *Nine*,

" Whose birth, whose life, whose works are al *divine*)

'ou who do dig from *Wisdomes Paper pits*,

Learnings bright *Ore*, and *fine* it with your *wits*,

^y *Symptomes* of the best *Tabaco*. ^z Otherwise call'd the *rose of Je-*
alem, ^a The effects of ill *Tabaco*. ^b *Muses*.

Above all other men see yee do fly
 That ^c *Hucksters* mischief and damn'd villany ;
 And found out by his Symptomes, without fail
 Send it to th' flames in grosse, not by *retail*.
 The *dainties* wafted from an other thore
 Some do adulterate while the deadly gore
 Of *rank Goats* (which a *Scythian's* Club did slay)
 They mingle with them ; some an other way
 Do manifest injury to the noble weed,
 Dropping into 't the *oyl* of *Annis seed*,
 Or the less greazy *Fennek*, and to these
 To give 't a touch of *vitriol* some do please,
 Whereby a taste unto the tongue they gaine
 Much like the *sweetnesse* of a *Lybian Cane*.
 All these are *naught* and *womanish*; for he
 Who unto *nature* will adde *art*, must be
 At *natures mouth* instructed first, or shall
 Disturb the work, giving no help at all.
 Yet if thou wilt be wanton to thy *praise*,
 With a *light Chip* of the *Wood Aloes*,
 Give fire unto thy *Pipe*, so shalt thou reap
 A fragrant favour spread through the whole heap,
 And with a gratefull odour chear the brain.
 But above all things see that ye *refrain*
 The ^d *smoke* awhile; do not the *Pipe* repeat
 Too suddenly after y' have *taken meat* ;

^c Bad and sophisticate Tabaco. ^d Take it not too suddenly after meat; it causeth too hasty a concoction.

or then the ¹ Cooke's at work, the ^m Kitchen dore
lose to them *shut*; Knock not too soon therefore
t the upper gate, for fear he *angry grow*,
nd the half boyled dishes from him *throw*,
Whic h to the guts conveigh'd with too much speed,
o windy murmurings in the belly breed,
he happy quiet of the mind devoure,
nd from our *busynesse* steal the precious hower.
is ⁿ alike dangerous with *naked Head*,
With *open roof*, and *chimny uncovered*,
o take the *Smoke*; for the cold air will then
e pores being *open*, quickly pierce the skin,
nd suddenly *reclose* them, whence is bred
o the hairs horrour, *heaviness* to the head.
Love not to drink ^t o *alone*, nor take thou pleasure
To fill thy *brain* beyond his true just *measure*.
ith a *companion* take ^t; "if thou hast none,
Let *Books* or *busynesse* act the part of one:
With *comely pauses* use ^t, in such a fashion,
That thou a *Dialogue* make ^t, not an *Oration*.
o speak and do by turns the *Muses* love,
nd *Nature* *surfets* never did approve.
the first ^P *giddiness* thou feel'st, *forbear*;
nd for that time write thy *nil ultra* there:

The digestive heat in the stomach. ^m The mouth of the stomach.
eep you head warm when you take it. ^o Take it not alone, or if
do, let there be pauses interpolated. ^p When to leave.

And if it vanish not, for help repair
 To a draught of beer, or to the open air,
 And suddenly the *Tumult* shall be staid,
 And by a little art the *Tempest* laid.

“To close up all, take this for thy last ground,

“Study thine own Dimensions, and having found
 The measure of thy head, turn then about
 In thine own *Sphere*, seek not thy self without :

For who observes the *Laws* of *Nature*, he
 Shall be *sound, wise, and fortunate* to me.
 Thus the * *old man* in his discourse did play,
 While *Bacchus* Lords, as on their backs they lay,
 Did silent hang upon the speakers tongue. * *Sien*

The *vertues* they had learn'd, but still they long
 Of such a noble *herb* to know the *breed*,
 The *Art* of *Planting*, and the *choice* o' th' *seed* :
 But good *Silenus* stammering for thirst,
 And withall drowsie too, none of them durst
 Intreat him to proceed —

For *Wine*, for *Wine*, a calling he did keep,
 And having largely drunke, he fell asleep.
 What he hath lett imperfect shall now be
 Our work to finish though as *dry* as he.

“Your gentle gales and *influence* we want,

“Who are true lovers of the honour'd *Plant* :

“For though far short of his high sounding *strain*,

“We'll now the *Georgicks* of *Tabaco* sing.

rst, that the Harvest answer may the pain,
om off a lusty stock a plump seed gain,
hose leaf is long and thick: side-slips despise,
he best doth still from the main branch arise.

The next care is the ¹ Place, an Herb so strong,
a hungry soyl cannot be nourish'd long.
hearty grounds it thrives; and takes delight,
ike to the Vine) where the Glebe is full of might.
ir Hils he loves, and fields that pleasant ly
wards the warm south in the Suns bright ey :
here th' Earth is light, no mosse by nature laid,
o binding Clay, nor Marle to check the spade ;
nd where the valiant furrows hard and dry,
ffer the rending Plow-shears cruelty.

When thou hast found a soyl thus rich, take heed
Thou dost not ^m twice in one place sow thy seed :
For with the first birth all that's good doth come
Leaving behind nought but a barren wombe.
ange every year thy earth, for thy wandring guest
spare new seats, so shall thy furrows rest,
d a new Genius gain. The field being found,
none be cunnering to till the ground
his right season ; In one small hole shut
bree seeds or more, in equall spaces put,
at Nature may (like to a loving mother)
ve equall portions as to one to'th other :

The choice of the seed. ¹ The soyl. ^m Sow not two years to-
er in one place. ⁿ The manner of Planting.

So though some prove for *Mice or Moles* a feast,
 Thou maist preserve a hope yet in the rest:
 But if they *prosper all*, and thou dost see
 Their *multitude* will their *destruction bee*,
 " Drive then all foolish pity from thy heart ;
 Take from the *number*, a *ft* a *Thracian's part* ;
 That, having room, the better it may *thrive*,
 Of many *Brothers*, leave but *one alive*.
 When the *fat soyl* and *Sun's drai'n out in length*,
 To th' *leaves ranknesse* give, to the *stock strength* ;
 Then is thy time, the *lower boughs cut down*,
 That *greater vertues* may the *other crown*.

° *Reap not too soon*; when the *leaves turned are*,
 And the *seed grows blaek* within his *bowle*, prepar
 Thy *knives*, and let thy *weapons ready stand*,
 For know the *noble Vintage* is at hand.

Close to your *Prayers* ye honourers of the *smoke*,
 And with your best *devotions* see y' invoke(need
 The *Heavens* for *smiles*: fair *weather* now we
 For *showers t' th'leaf* do no less *damage breed*,
 Then doth a *wet September* to *ripe grapes*,
 When it is gather'd, half thy *labour's done* ;
 Yet flag not here, with *equall courage run*
 Through that behind : thy *industry*, thy *cost*,
 If thou shalt fail in the last *ft*, are lost.

Take *speciall care* of the *two things remain*.
 First from the *leaf* the *watry humour drain*,

° The time when to gather it.

(Cor-

Corruptions Parent) else thou shalt inherit
or thy leaves dung. Next let the fie y spirit
Which sleeping does in the fat oyl lie hid, (spread.
Be awak'd, and rounz'd, and through each vein be
that therefore on the Herb no spoil be made
By the thirsty Sun-beams dry it in the shade,
On small cords hung: then take it down and lay
it on a heap together, that it may
From the bottom heat and rise, & from thence dart
The hidden vertue to each outward part;
So shall the heap grow warm, swell, sweat & smoke,
And fire too if the meeting be not broke.
Be sure you do dissolve the Diet then,
And when dispersed, hang them up agen.
This Method use, till by heating it be made
Active, and by the drying fixt and staid.
And that on neither hand thou wander wide,
Let thine own eyes and reason be thy guide:
Or as the line too little, in like sort
That of too much unto perfection's short:
In a just measure Nature takes delight.
But if an errour happen, set it right
Not with the burning wine, salt pickle, not
With Hony, least of all by'th' Chamber-pot;
Such trash as this your Hucksters use, who prize
Above the health, the smell o' th' Merchandize.
From the Herb it self expect thy aid, presse then
The juice^p from out the courser leaves, which when
A cleanly & wholsom way to recover decaid Tabaco. The

The gathering was, did scape the careless hand,
And o're the coals see it doth boyling stand.

In which "Medeas Tub dip thy * old Swain,
And he (like *Aeson*) shall turn young again.

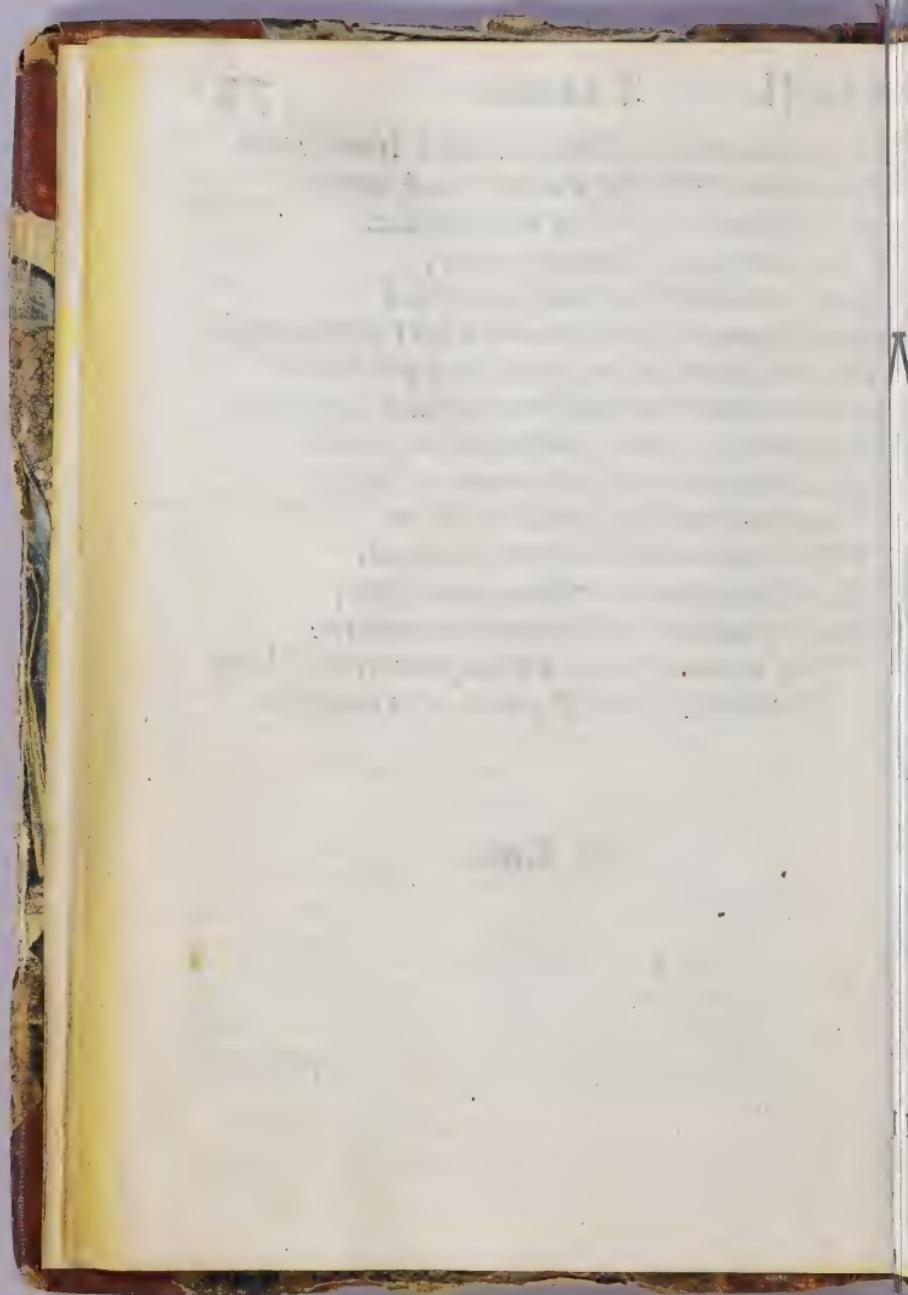
Let these suffice to board with't, blesse thy Lot,
For now thou hast an ample treasure got,
Which to the *Planter* large revenue brings,
To th' *Merchants Chests*, and *Custome-houſe* of
Physitian's peradventure curse it sore, (Kings.
For making *Autumnes* healthfull, and them poore,
And it sometimes affords (such things will bee)
To the *Crows* a *Dinner* from the *Gallow tree*;
When poor knaves buy t, and so do fondly spend
Their *coin* and *houres* given them for better end.
But while we see a fair and happy day
To th' good and frugall, they who will perish, may:
And he who shall an offer'd *Gemme* deny,
May that man live to want it e're he dy.

From whom a *Ship* at *sea*, a *suit* in *law*,
A *scolding wife*, or an *ill debtour* draw
Sleep from the *eyes*, and *quiet* from the *mind*,
In the gentle leaf he a soft truce may find;
And for the *gift*, giv't the *deserved meed*.
What swelling words against the *noble meed*
The *peevish* man may vomit (too unkind!)
We to the *Waves* commit them and the *wind*.

Let it be damn'd to Hell, and call'd from thence
Proserpines Wine, the Furies Frankincense,
The Devils addle egges, or else to these,
I sacrifice grim Pluto to appease,
deadly weed which it's beginning had
From the foam of Cerberus when the Cur was mad.
We at the Titles laugh ; praise, and proclaim
The wideness of the Bore from whence they came.
Pretty Poetick styles ! and when we please
With the like Art we can return all these.
If any lover of the Truth shall now
What is by me here written, disallow,
Gainst my opinion let his reasons fight ;
His arguments let him commit to white :
" So, without hate did Monopolies, run (done.
" A course to make Paper dear, as we have

The End.

CHEI-



CHEIMONOPEGNION
OR, A
WINTER SONG
BY
RAPHAEL THORIUS:
Newly
TRANSLATED.



LONDON,
Printed by T.N. for Humphrey Moseley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the Princes
Arms in St Pauls Churchyard, 1651.

ЧИТАЮЩИЕ ДЕТИ СКОЛКОВОГО Городского Парка



R A P H A E L T H O R I U S
T O
C O N S T A N T I N E H U G E I N
Knight, &c.

 Know not most renowned Sir, what *Phæ-
bean* distempers move you to hale me
thus willing-unwilling, to the perfor-
mance of your Poetick vows. This surely
is a force, yet I must yeild *Non auctor tuus*. It is but
lately since the learned *Kinshott* received from me
that which now by the violence of love you strive to
extort from me. Some 8 days ago I sent to him both
parts of our Tabaco Hymn. Let it come forth when
you please; but remember to keep the Author
harmless again the Masters of manners, to whom
perhaps the sleightness of the argument may appear
ridiculous. I have in store notwithstanding things
more grave and solid both Ethic and Theologic. So
that if these preludiums find acceptance, I shall not
refuse to put them also forth to open view; relying
on

on the good *omen* of your judgement, that what ever happens on either part may be to you imputed. In the mean while, because the Die is thrown, and the Bolt is shot, according to your request, send a third Piece not far different from the two former, nor much disagreeing from the season. It is *Winter*, which if it be cold, let it be pardoned for its own names sake. Let it accompany *Patum* or follow it as is most convenient. If it be acceptable to you, *Rutgersius*, *Heinsius*, and *Kinschot*, I shall congratulate, yet perhaps envy the happiness of the off-spring, which the father with so much earnestness desires. Therefore if it may be good and lucky to the Common-wealth, let our Poem see the light, that the merry may be more merry, and the sad may find recreation. Certainly, the nature of men is strange to whom in their old age youthfull pastimes are delightfull, in greatest dangers mirth and wit are acceptable. Seeing therefore they be only sawce and not meat, I hope they may deserve pardon with men whose old age is not too severe. Farewell.

London, Feb. 26. 1625.

IN

IN
HYEMEM
Dodiſſ. R. Thorii
D. M.

Sic Medicè decuit, sic se curasse Britannè,
Post fumos nidore frui, meliore culina
Post lachrymas, avidaque irritamenta salive.
En ego me, THORI, convivam fisto, vel umbram,
Qualemcumque vocas; juvat in tot fercula fundi,
Et faciem variare gule; juvat esse lepores
Et lepores; juvat omne tuis condire meracis,
Brumalèisque dies, niveas, te judice, noctes,
Noctibus & dubias confundere solibus umbras.
Tu modo livor ades, nee prandia disce Galeni
Semper fatida, nec puta Permesside semper
Pascier, aut solo vesci nidore Poetam.
Hem! tales nec aquæ pariunt, nec ad amia Brumas.

CONSTANTER.



In ejusdem
H Y E M E M.

Fumus habet finem, nec enim omnis nubibus isti
Discedit conviva satur, diversa palatis
Diversis sapiunt; hic apponuntur amicis
Brumales epulæ, doctis sermonibus horæ
Falluntur, solvit, sua per convivia, frigus
Thori, & ventrem pariter cum lumine pascit.
Non opus est dapibus, ravisve panatibus oret,
More suo, veniam, dat condimenta palato
Grata omni, novit quibus est jus aptius herbis.
O utinam, Thori, vestris mihi posse daretur
Colloquiisque frui, lautiisque accumbere mensis!
Nil ego contulerim tam docto sanus amico.
Fallor! an & mensis adiunum conviva secundis,
Hoc erat in votis, cœnantes inter amicos
Dulce mihi furere est, nec enim magis ulla palato
Grata datur, quam quæ condita leporibus, eja.

LUD. à KINSCHOT.



CHEIMO NO PEGNION

O R,

A Winter Song.

Great Bards that wont to haunt the springs ere-
 Whó now the cold hath sent into exile, (while,
 Dr starving want doth urge to beg their meat
 Vith waiting Verse from men grown rich & great,
 If there be yet who live at ease and free,
 rom this unfortunate calamitie,
 Whose brests are still inspir'd, hear me rehearse
 ar from my native soil a Frozen Verse.
 ierce is the cold and our *Apollo* freezeth,
 Vanting what with the season sharp agreeeth,
 Who long perhaps may rap the great mans gate,
 efore he will his case commiserate ;
 Did not my son by his own pains supply'd,
 o fill the lean and empty gaps provide,
 Vith bruised Parsenips swimming all in Butter,
 While Apples hot before the fier sputter ?
 nd when the Winter deep with hard'ned Ice
 Our Cupboard poor with open war defies,

F

He

He takes his Fathers Harp, and by the fire,
With pleasing sounds our numm'd will doth inspire.

The northwind blows, the hils are white, the rivers
Above the bâks, day is made dark with snow, (flow,
The Sun i' th' clouds doth wrap his frozen head,
Hasting amain unto his Southern bed ;
While *Luna* strives to' expel the tedious night,
A task too difficult for her weak light.
Congealed Isicles hang on the beard,
With wind the eyes do weep, the teeth are heard
To chatter in the mouth, and raging cold
In such sad pain the fingers ends doth hold,
That though hot gales the breath upon them blows,
They dare not higher mount to cleanse the nose.

Boy, leave thy sliding, left thy slippery flower
Deceive thy feet, and in an evill hower
Thy pate and crupper feel the banging force
Of an astounding fall, or which is worse,
Left on a sudden thy disjoyned thigh
Be put to need the Surgeons Geometrie.
Cast wood upon the fire, thy loyns gird round
VVith warmer clothes, and let the tosts abound
In close array embattel'd on the Hearth ;
And that there may not want t' increase our mirth,
Bring a low table to the scorching flame;
Let Colworts first the raging stomach tame,
That swell with copious lard or churned cream,
And smoking hot do yeild a wholesome steam ;

Or else the globy Cabbage Plowmans fare ;
 Mustard that bites for the foul nose prepare,
 With Cretan wine free from the bottome dregs ;
 Then bring well-larded Collops fri'd with Eggs ;
 Next with her belly stuffe a tender Hen,
 Not loosely fat, but well fed from the Pen,
 Which in her wób doth numerous off-spring bear.
 Then fat with hungry winter let appear
 The royall Pheasant steaming in the platter,
 Or Partridge neatly drest in wine and water.
 Now where's the Woodcock in whose tail doth rest
 More wisdome then in either brain or brest ?
 Come boy, not yet doth the froze wine return
 To its liquid substance, yet the flame doth burn
 About the Flagon; are we tortur'd thus
 With the sad pains of longing *Tantalus* ?
 To hear the pot before the fier hiss,
 Yet be athirst? Patience a vertue is.
 But friends accuse the hard congealing frost,
 Say not the cause was in your pinching Host.
 The hair-brain'd Frenchmans constitution neither
 Can brook the summers heat or winters weather;
 But give me Sack, for that despiseth cold,
 And cures the imperfections of the old,
 If he the noble liquor largely quaffe,
 Then bid thy sad friend drink, 'twil make him laugh.
 Yet too much is imperious in the brain,
 And like a tyrant doth command and reign.

Heark hither Fill-cup, seest thou not there plac'd
 A man with purple nose and ruby-fac'd,
 On his left ear his cap a to-side hanging
 Like one in raging wrath and fury brangling ?
 To him more sparingly remember still
 The potent liquour, nor so oft, to fill.

Come friends and let the Academic dull-men
 Handle the thorny questions of the school-men.
 Let us our heavy minds from care release,
 For we from Heav'n enjoy this happy ease;
 Now ought we use those gifts which mother earth
 Providing for the winter hath brought forth.
 In vain we spend the howers in melancholy;
 Enough severe *Chrysippus*; for the jolly
Teian aires this season better fit;
 Nothing more tedious then a drousie wit.
 Some junkets now for the fierce appetite,
 New warres upon the table doth excite.
 'Gainst winters hunger nothing will prevail,
 Which makes the wolfe to howl, the dog to wail.
 Young men behold how the first seasons fear
 The following frosts, and how the fruitfull year
 Heaps up together all her plenteous store
 To fill the craving belly; thus before
 Old age approach, wise nature teacheth youth,
 That foolish pleasure vainly he pursu'th, (tайн'd,
 Till he wealth, learning, off-spring, honour have at-
 That when his fatall hower is ordain'd,

His aged mind from cares may be releast.
 A house for winter-age requireth rest ;
 need no blocks to heave me on a Horse,
 So fit congeal'd to his sides, as on the Gorse
 Of the high Alpes, they say, armies were frore
 So th' Earth like stones, that they could march no
 Nor on the sea to venter is my will, (more.)
 Though Drakes assisting fortune, or his skill
 Should give me promise of the wealthy spoil
 That Cadize fleet brings from the golden soil,
 Or great Ragozzi dum with a squinance,
 Should write me heir to his cold inheritance.

Now the warm Stover of Westphalia,
 With stones and curses seeks to drive away
 The early travellers that mail'd in ice
 All means with prayers and threatnings do devise
 To make him leave his warm couch, oft deni'd,
 And the fat bosc-breech steaming by his side,
 He having thaw'd their joyns, & warm'd their fur,
 Crams them again, though lazily they stir,
 Thick into a cart, to wander on the plain,
 And number the Bear stars, or Charles is wain.
 In this alone well skil'd, else empty fungs
 In what to human ornament belongs.
 As much too wise the Hollander appears,
 Whose labours have been great for many years,
 Lest any one before him should be thought
 Into the VVest hot Pepper to have brought ;

To the North Pole his steddy stern he guides,
 While rands of ice do thwack the vessels sides ;
 And all the tedious night the ice he wounds,
 Endeavouring to remove great natures bounds :
 Thus while he hews his passage through the deep,
 The penetrating cold begins to creep
 Close to his heart, when loth to give his Corse
 Unto the greedy VVhale or wild Sea-horse,
 He leaves the narrow ship, and coming out,
 Rambles the marble Ocean all about :
 Straight to the Coasts where lasting cold abides,
 Hunger him leads, not having other guides ;
 Thus while he shuns the Hills of hardned snow,
 He is immur'd where he avoids to go.
 Now is he food for bears, bears now his food,
 And roasted weezels if there want not wood ;
 Sometimes he licks a foxes chine, and lest
 Joy should be absent from so great a feast,
 They shout when one of their companions
 By them made chief o'th'frozen regions,
 Takes off his bowle of half congealed sack.
 Thus they expect the Suns returning back,
 Among the desert Caves and snowy Hils,
 Spending the long nights sore against their wils ;
 Till *Phæbus* thaw the far resounding sea,
 That they may home repass with specious plea,
 To shew their half ears, and their ruin'd noses,
 No longer fit for handkerchiefs or posies;

And

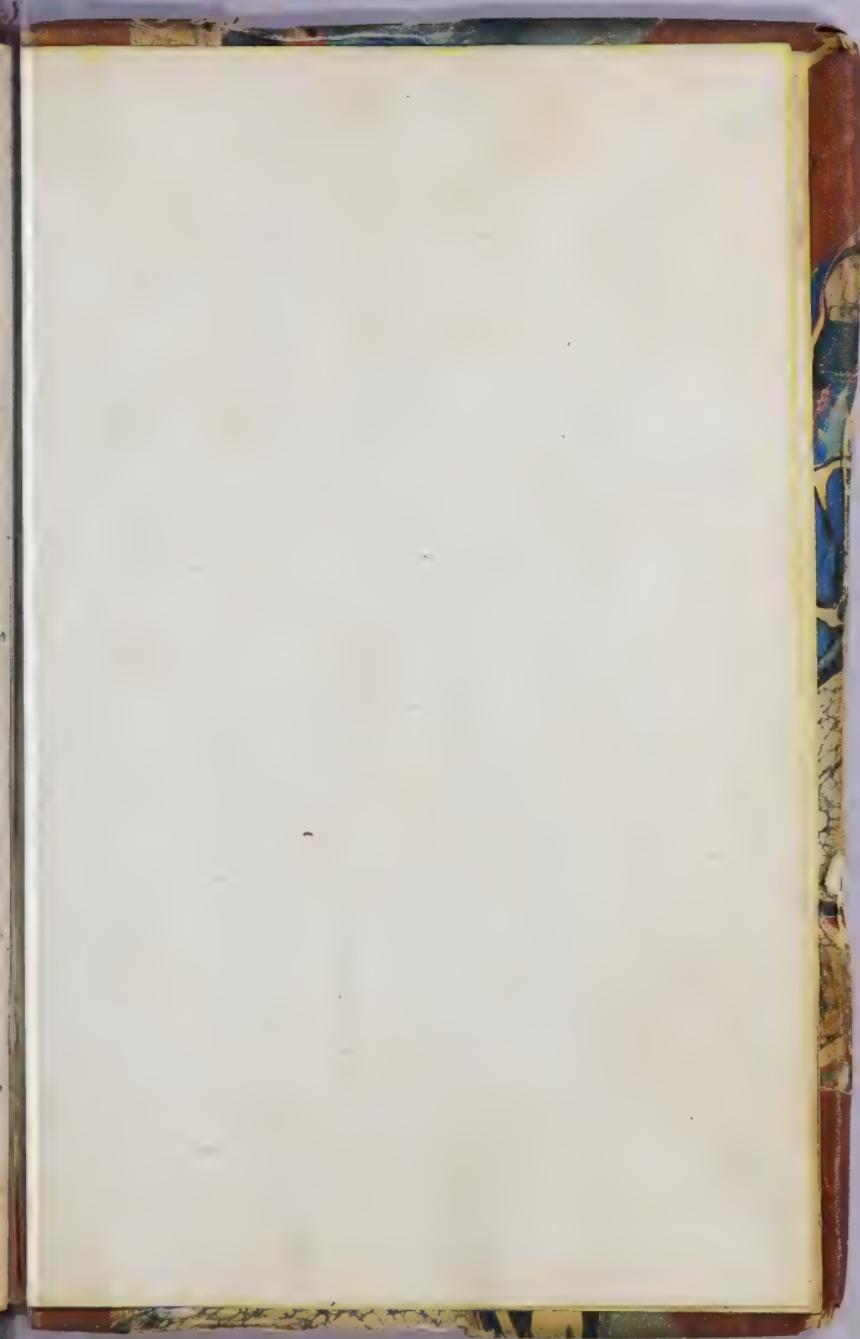
And tell their hard adventures by the fire,
 While their friends hear and hear, and more desire,
 And all the time the crackling chesnuts roast,
 And each man hath his cup, and each his toast.

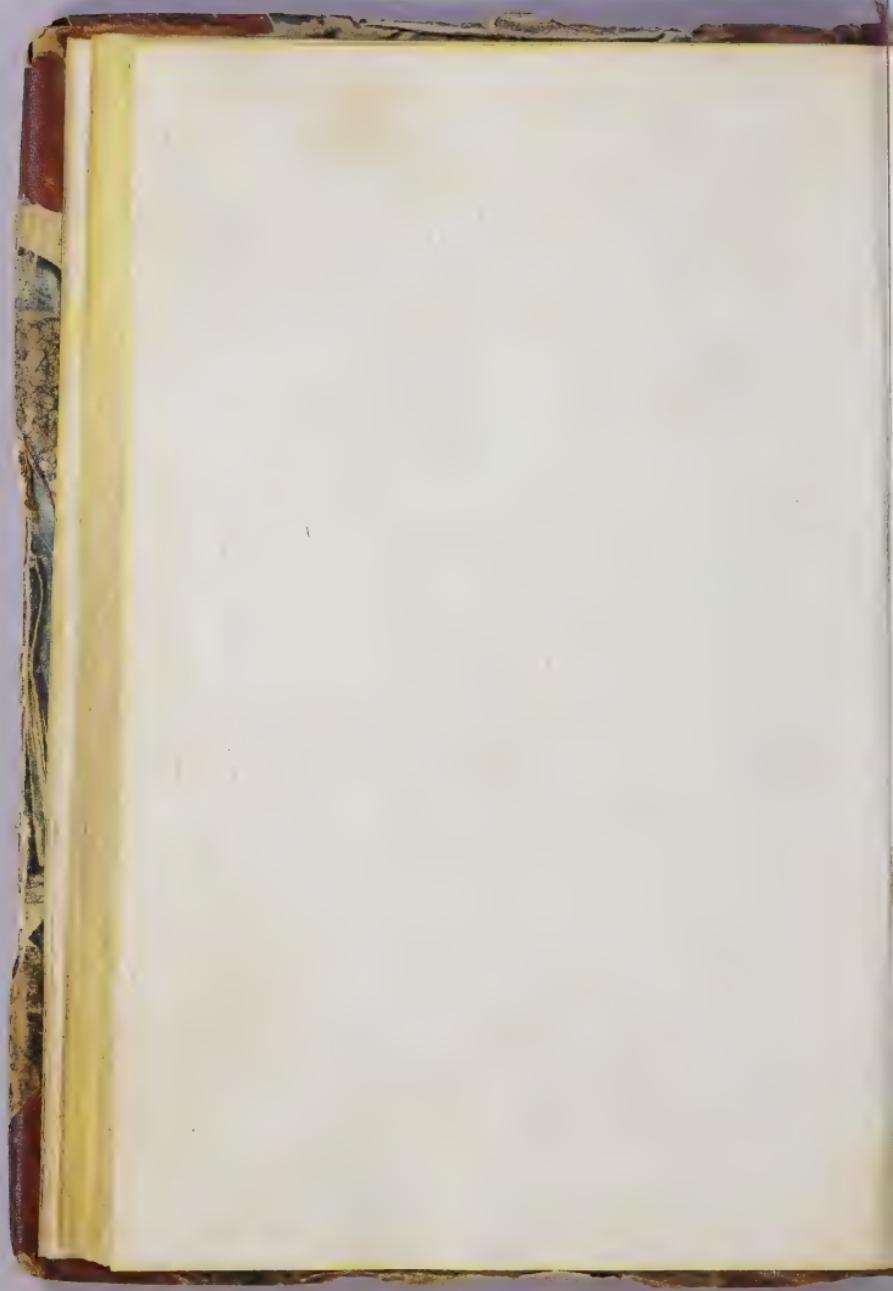
Who now can travell? scarcely in the town
 A man can walk with safety up and down,
 So furious doth the North-wind swagger,
 The wals, unless I reel, do seem to stagger.

Drink friends, with sack calm *Boreas* wild, (mild;
 For moistning shoures do make the fierce winds
 In a sad case is he that opes his dore,
 Unless the whirlwinds wings be clipt before.
 Hark how the stony hail doth battering fall,
 Let no man then before his Fates do call,
 Run headlong to his end; yet if there be
 Any compell'd by their necessitie,
 Let him but so long stay his hasty journy,
 Untill some one can fetch the next Atturny
 To have his Will writ fair and seal'd with witness;
 And being then in such a ready fitness,
 Let him be gon; yet since unarm'd he goes,
 To keep him from the thick-descending blowes,
 Let him this head-piece don, that in the dust
 Hath hung forgotten, brown with twelve years rust.
 Uncertain are the gifts of Nature here,
 Together pleasures dwell and drouping fear;
 There be who for their bodies only care,
 For their souls safety others do prepare.

In peace fair *Britain* joys, but *Gallia* weeps,
In civill bloud his sword the *Norman* steeps ;
Now silent is the air, now to the ground
Vast towers tumble with a dreadfull sound ;
Afflicted goes the poor man to his rest,
But you whom plenty hath from cares releast,
Enjoy your fires, warm beds, and merry friends,
He fears not cold who thus the VVinter spends.

F I N I S.





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